HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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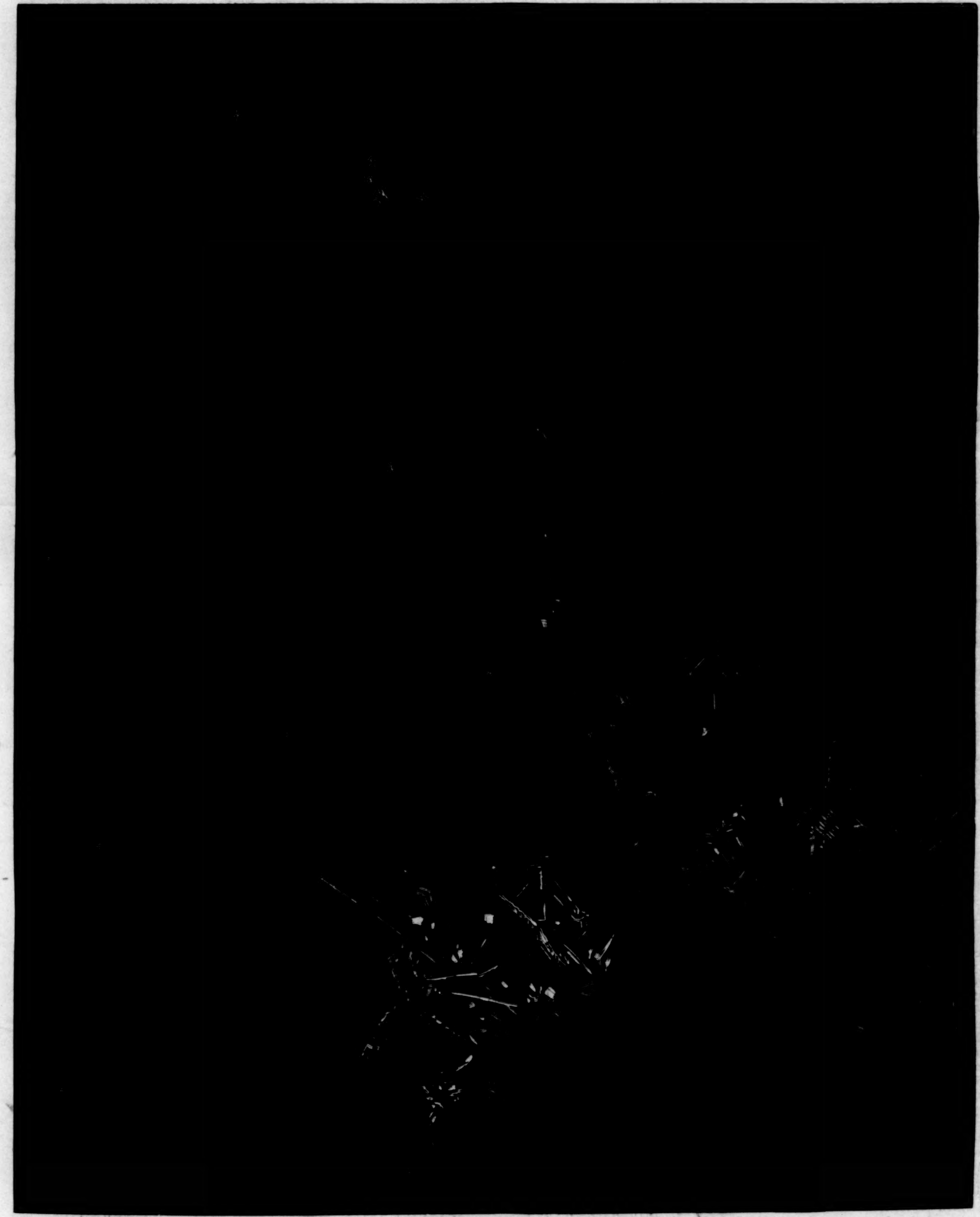

THE LANDSLIDE AT QUEBEC.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 774.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

The next number of HARPER'S BAZAR *will include some features especially interesting in view of the fact that the bright Autumn weather brings what we may call the Wedding Season in its wake. A beautiful front-page illustration will display the bride and her attendants in appropriate toilettes. The editorial bears the title, "Wedding Bells."* MRS. AMELIA E. BARR *contributes a brilliant short story, "Femmes en Espagne."* CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK *writes of "Pickles, Sour and Sweet," giving timely formulas and directions.* MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD, *in a sprightly paper, describes "Novelties for Christmas Gifts."*

The serials, "Prince Fortunatus," by WILLIAM BLACK, *and "Kit and Kitty," by* R. D. BLACKMORE, *are of intense interest.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE "SOLDIER VOTE."

CORPORAL TANNER'S sudden notoriety, if as extensive as he might wish, is hardly of the kind that he would prefer. The episode, however, is one of which the significance does not end with his retirement and the remarks which it has elicited. His appointment, to those who knew both his reputation and the enormous financial responsibility of the office, was astounding. It was the more so because his Democratic predecessor had been such a target for Republican animadversion that it was supposed to be incredible that the Republicans would appoint a successor infinitely more vulnerable. The President was aware that he was placing in a most important and responsible office a man who was universally known in his own neighborhood to have traded politically wholly upon his service as a soldier, and never to have shown any other fitness or ability for important office than an unbridled tongue and unbounded "cheek." There was but one explanation of his appointment ever made in public or in private. It was that he was taken practically at his own valuation, and selected to hold "the soldier vote." His petition for appointment is said to have been signed by weighty names. It would be interesting to see what they are, and to know why they were signed to the paper.

As the appointment was held to be due to the desire of pleasing the soldier vote, the fear of displeasing it is offered as the explanation of the apparent reluctance to dismiss him, and the anxiety to transfer a man who had been found unfit in one office into another of even larger emolument. That "the soldier vote" as a mass, or in large part, could be drawn or repelled by the character of a single appointment is a supposition insulting to that body of voters. But that it was especially favorable to the Commissioner for the reason alleged was still more insulting. The theory was that TANNER was particularly dear to the soldiers because of his intention to secure the largest possible grant of money for them in the form of pensions. That this was his scheme was well known. He had proclaimed it upon all occasions, and in Brooklyn very early in his official career he announced that the President had exhorted him to be liberal with the boys.

The commendation of the Commissioner by State conventions after his performances had startled the country, and compelled the Secretary of the Interior to institute an investigation into his conduct, showed that his scheme was to be adopted as a party cry. It was, in plain English, the policy of buying the soldier vote by general and increased pensions. When his continuance in office became intolerable, this policy was to be maintained, and the soldier vote held by appointing a successor to TANNER who would carry out his schemes, and by placing him in another office of larger emoluments, with a protestation that the change was made not for any personal reason, but solely upon grounds of administrative harmony. This theory that TANNER was acceptable to the veterans for mercenary reasons, and that their vote is to be bought by large pensions, is, as we have said, grossly insulting to every honorable veteran. TANNER'S talk and policy, and the praise given to them by Republican conventions, degrade patriotism into venality, and estimate loyal and honorable service by a money tariff. We do not believe that the soldier vote, as such, is to be swayed by the pension bids of party. We believe that honest soldiers "will vote as they fought," not for money, but for honorable and patriotic reasons. If we are wrong, if the enormous pension payments, as the TANNER doctrine and its commendation imply, are substantially the price of soldier votes, then there is no more dangerous, because venal, vote in the country. The conduct of the administration both in the appointment and the removal of TANNER betrays its apprehension that veterans will vote against the Republican party because they may not get as much money as they hoped for from TANNER. This is a droll way of conciliating honorable American citizens.

GOOD ADVICE.

THE New York *Tribune* said recently:

> "The Republicans must drum the office mongers and patronage brokers out of camp, and intrench themselves on the high ground of efficient non-partisan administration. The leaders whom they place in nomination must be men of the highest character and of progressive ideas. With such principles and leaders the Republicans of Brooklyn can win a crowning triumph in November. With low principles and hack politicians as candidates they will be inevitably defeated."

If this be sound doctrine for an election in Brooklyn, it is equally good for every election everywhere. If it be good policy for the Republican party in one place at one election to discard the spoils system and those who deal in it, it is a wisdom not limited to that place and occasion. Honesty is the best policy in politics as in all other branches of activity. A municipal election, indeed, is different from other elections, because it involves no other policy than intelligent and economical government of the city. Water and gas supplies, the opening of streets and care of gutters, an efficient police and proper sanitary care, are not questions upon which there can be any other policy than honesty and good sense. The great point in a city election is to avoid party politics and jobbery.

But in every election, whether it involves legitimate political differences or not, honesty and freedom from jobbery, and securing efficient and economical administration, are as desirable as in the selection of city officers. Too much politics vitiates State and national administration equally with that of the municipality. But that is a truth which parties have not yet perceived. The general disappointment, not to use a stronger word, with the course of the national administration, the humiliating spectacle of Senators of the United States figuring as greedy office mongers and busy patronage brokers, are due to the fact that political jobbery, and not economical and efficient administration, distinguishes official conduct. The whole spirit of the course of things at Washington and in Republican circles is radically different from the spirit inculcated by the *Tribune* as indispensable for success in Brooklyn. If there was ever an administration which did not drum the office mongers and patronage brokers out of camp it is that of President HARRISON. Its annals are those of a prolonged orgy of office seeking and office giving, of violation of reform pledges, and contempt of sound principles of the civil service.

The *Tribune* says of Brooklyn: "There is a knot of meddlesome politicians and partisan zealots whose energies have been devoted since the last general election to intrigues and compacts for obtaining Federal appointments." Has this been limited to Brooklyn? It is universally true. It describes the situation in every State. And this knot of meddlesome politicians, of whom Mr. PLATT is the representative in New York, are permitted by the party in every community to continue their intrigues and compacts, and to represent the party. The *Tribune* says truly that "in a town where there is a normal Democratic majority of 10,000 the Republican party can only hope for success by making the campaign one of high principles, and by choosing candidates who are committed to a larger policy than that of strengthening the party by a judicious distribution of patronage." This remark means that such a policy will hold the party vote and gain votes beyond the party. It is incontestably true. But it is as true of the whole country as of Brooklyn, as true of towns where the Republican majority is assured as of a city where there is a normal Democratic majority of ten thousand.

POLITICS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN commenting upon the death of a Western ex-member of Congress some time ago, a leading journal said that all his obituaries had omitted the most important fact of his career, which was that he sat in Congress as the legislative agent of a certain great railroad. This remark is recalled by an address recently issued by the Nationalist Club of Boston arraigning the influence of corporations upon legislation. This is a familiar fact, although not a topic of constant newspaper comment. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS'S "Chapter of Erie" is instructive reading still. When a famous lobbyist said long ago at a State capital, "There is a very large sum to be spent upon legislation here this winter, and it might as well get into the right hands," he recognized the established system of legislative bribery, and aimed to turn it to what he believed to be the best account. The existence of the system has never been denied. It has been regarded as a necessary evil, considering human nature, and it was supposed that the most that could be expected was some kind of restraint and regulation. Whether the restraint and regulation have kept pace with the increase of corporate power is hardly a question. There are large corporate interests which believe, at least, that they have legislatures "under pay."

This belief is shared by the Nationalist Club, which appeals to the voters of Massachusetts. It says:

> "Men whom the people have elevated to the highest position in its Legislature decline re-election that they may join 'the third house," and sell to great gas, telephone, and railroad corporations the influence they have obtained over members of the Legislature from their official position. The lobby of 1889 had among its members two ex-Presidents of the Senate, ex-Speakers of the House, ex-Governors, and ex-Congressmen. Besides these powerful tools, the corporations had in their employ a large number of recognized professional lobbyists, men who gilded their arguments. So barefaced has this moulding of legislation in the interests of corporations become, that at the close of the last Legislature some score of lobbyists, this recognized third house, chosen by the corporations, dined in great state at a prominent hotel, and drank to this toast: 'To the member who has one hand upon the pulse of labor and the other on the pulse of capital.' When your legislators are mere puppets in the hands of the money kings, what have you left of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people? Do you consent to this? Shall your State become a permanent plutocracy?"

This address indicates growing dissatisfaction in the State and a disposition to bring parties to the test of real issues. The preliminary campaign upon both sides has been suggestive. Upon the Democratic side the nomination for the Governorship is conceeded to Mr. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, a young Democrat of the reform and progressive school, ex-Mayor of Cambridge, who was the candidate last year, and whose personal and official character and principles made his campaign enthusiastic and significant, although in a Presidential year he was unable to overcome the Republican vote. The Republican choice is divided between Mr. CRAPO, ex-member of Congress from the New Bedford district, and Mr. BRACKETT, the Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. CRAPO is a man of high character and acknowledged public ability, of the type of former Republican candidates for the Governorship. Mr. BRACKETT is not a representative man except as a favorite of the party machine, which generally favors those who, however personally reputable, are not of the higher political class.

It is conceded that the nomination of Mr. BRACKETT would be the victory of the machine, or of what is called "the State House ring," while that of Mr. CRAPO would indicate a return to the older and better Republican usages. The preliminary campaign has developed a strong desire upon the part of Mr. MYRON P. WALKER, known as "the drummer boy," to secure the nomination as Lieutenant-Governor, depending upon "the soldier vote" and a liberal expenditure of money, more than upon public service or ability. But Mr. HAILE, of Springfield, is also pressed as a fitting companion of Mr. CRAPO upon a Republican ticket. The result will be significant. Should Mr. BRACKETT secure the nomination, and Mr. WALKER be associated with him, it would not be surprising if Republican discontent, when no national issue is pending, and the high official record, ability, and representative character of Mr. RUSSELL should carry the day. The Nationalist appeal is that of a club, not of a party, but it expresses a feeling which has penetrated both parties, and will in some degree influence the election. A great multitude of American citizens will now cast their votes at every election in a way to secure greater honesty in government, and that result is not assured by a party name, but by party or individual action.

THE GREAT LONDON STRIKE.

THE late strike of the dock laborers in London was for many reasons one of the most remarkable in the history of such movements. In the first place it was held by public opinion to be justifiable. It is estimated that the approval was almost universal. Then it was supported by ample subscriptions. The expense was estimated at $10,000 a day, and this sum was not only subscribed, but very much more, and on the last day of the strike $22,000 was received from Australia. Indeed, the active sympathy of Australia was one of the most interesting facts of the strike. Not less remarkable was the entire good order which prevailed throughout the week, and perhaps most notable of all was the reasonableness of the strikers, and their complete organization. There were two prominent individuals in the movement—BURNS, the socialist, who was the acknowledged leader, and Cardinal MANNING, whose intelligence, quiet persistence, and moral authority finally effected the settlement. Great meetings were held during the strike, but without disturbance of any kind. If disagreeable traditions of excited London, such as the "Irish night" or the Lord GEORGE GORDON riots, haunted any mind, they were lost in the actual spectacle.

The strike was substantially successful. It aimed at an increase of wages, and an increase was obtained. But the advantages were much greater than this. A plain statement of the facts revealed to the public a system by which not only the dock laborers were oppressed, but the public was fleeced. The commerce of London discovered that the strikers' cause was its own. The strike began among the lowest class of workmen, but gradually spread through every class, and at last involved every branch of the commercial interest. Thus it showed the intimate relation between all of them, from the importer to the "casual laborer." Besides this, it had the general effect of demonstrating to the public mind in the most impressive manner that a strike may have the best reason. It dissipated the notion that a strike must be necessarily a wanton and foolish outbreak or an attempted unreasonable compulsion. Once more the complete and effective organization of a powerful part of the physical force of the metropolis to secure certain results by protest and a temporary paralysis of labor is a peaceful but impressive revolution which will be remembered with advantage.

Another of the excellent consequences of this strike is the proof which it has afforded to the striking element in society that every movement of the kind is not prejudged as causeless, but is estimated upon its merits. This truth has been demonstrated also in some of the more notable strikes in New York, where public sympathy has not been withheld from the strikers so long as they respected the conditions upon which alone an equitable adjustment can be reached. When public order is disturbed the condition of the advance of every good cause is the restoration of order. If the strike in London had resorted to violence, it would have been impossible to ascertain the facts and the rights of the case, and Cardinal Manning might have met the fate of the Archbishop of Paris during the days of the Commune. The procession of the dock strikers to the residence of the Lord Mayor on the day after the settlement, to cheer the head of the city government, who had interested himself in the settlement, was also very significant. For all concerned, the great London strike must be regarded as a very significant event.

THE GREAT FAIR AND CENTRAL PARK.

The audacious proposition to seize a delightful and important part of Central Park for the accommodation of the great Fair has naturally aroused deep and general indignation. Even if there were no other suitable place, and if the alternative were the sacrifice of the Park or the abandonment of the Fair, it might be wise to pause, but as other accommodations for the Fair are perfectly practicable, the scheme of the destruction for many years of a large and beautiful part of the finest pleasure-ground in the world is so preposterous that it is amazing it should be tolerated by a committee of prominent citizens. Central Park is the garden and grove, the only opportunity of recreation among green trees and pleasant fields, freely open to thousands and thousands of the most industrious and worthy citizens of New York. Its seizure in any part for the convenience of a Fair would be the grossest wrong to them, and a seizure for which no good reason can be given. It may be said that only a little of the Park is required, but when once any part of it shall have been surrendered, just as much more as may be alleged to be necessary will be demanded; the way to prevent the spoliation of Central Park is to prevent it from beginning. Fortunately it cannot be seized summarily. Even if the attempt should be seriously made to pervert the Park to a purpose wholly foreign to its intention, it must begin by securing the repeal of a law of the State. Happily precisely such an attempt as that which has been now suggested was foreseen when the law was passed, which declares "It shall not be lawful to grant, use, or occupy for the purpose of a public fair or exhibition any portion of the Central Park in the city of New York." If the scheme of spoliation shall be pushed, and the repeal of the law sought, the question ought to be carried into the election; and no intelligent voter in the city or the State who understands the value of the Park to the city of New York, as in extent and disposition the noblest public work in the city, and designed for the rest and refreshment amid beautiful scenes of the whole population, should vote for any legislative candidate who would authorize the proposed desecration. If the law should be repealed, and a large part of the Park should be seized for this purpose, it would be very doubtful whether that section would ever be recovered for park uses, while a precedent would be created for the constant prostitution of spaces in the Park for similar objects. Should the plan prevail through public silence or torpor, it would be a demonstration that New York is unconscious of the true character of one of its greatest possessions, and is really an unworthy guardian of so admirable a popular pleasure-ground. Nothing could be an unhappier augury for the great Fair than that its site should be condemned for the best reasons by the most intelligent public opinion, as will certainly be the case should the struggle for seizing Central Park succeed.

THE CENTENARY OF COOPER'S BIRTH.

We have just passed the centenary of the birth of Cooper. He was for a long time the best-known of American authors, the most universally read in Europe. *Planco consule*—that is to say, forty and fifty years ago—his novels were found in translations wherever popular books were sold. Thackeray, always generous to the other story-tellers, rated Long Tom much more highly than Uncle Tom, and declares him to be one of the "prize men," not of American story only, but of all story. He had taken his degree of immortality with the heroes of Scott and Dumas, if not of Fielding and Smollett.

But it is somehow true that the personal feeling of affection which is cherished for favorite novelists, for Fielding and Smollett and Goldsmith, for Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, is not entertained for Cooper. Those who are still living who remember him recall him as a litigious man, and what is known in England as "bumptious." He seemed to be always engaged in a suit for libel, pleading his own case with acrid energy, and "hitting out" at critics and criticism. Perhaps he was conscious of waning popularity, and resented it, or he was naturally vexed that, being so essentially and aggressively American, he should be stigmatized as of English and foreign sympathies. A gnarled knot of oak like Cooper could hardly be called an English dude, but the feeling which now comforts itself by the use of that epithet was very active against him.

His books were of the older school, tales of adventure and of plot—the school to which the heroes of fiction hitherto belong. Cooper's novels are less read now probably than in his own time, as Scott and the earlier novelists are less read. Their school is legitimate, but no more so than that of Miss Austen and the modern story-tellers called realists. Yet they can all be enjoyed. Nobody is great because he is different from another. We need not belittle our own time and men to piece out the fames of another generation. There are greatness and fame enough for all:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

Cooper and Irving and Bryant were the fathers of our literature, and their fame as such will not be obscured by later lustres.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Has it ever occurred to us while we have been prohibiting the entrance of the Chinese into this country, and while the persecution of that race has proceeded upon some parts of the Pacific slope, that the Chinese are a nation of some extent and importance, and that they might some day "hit back"? Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Church, has been passing more than a year in China, and upon his return he says:

> "They are preparing for war to vindicate the citizenship of their countrymen in all parts of the world, and particularly with the United States, against whom they have a bitter grievance. They will begin by the extirpation of all Americans within the empire, and possibly all English-speaking people. A Chinaman never forgets and he never forgives. It may lead to a slaughter of the English-speaking people and it may not; I am not prepared to say which, but that they propose to vindicate their national honor, as they understand it, I am morally certain. I do not anticipate that it will be soon, but within a few years."

This is not surprising. If we prohibit the coming of Chinese into the United States, China may certainly choose to expel Americans from her territory. She must be the judge of her advantages in intercourse with us, and if she be unwilling to buy those advantages at so tremendous a price as her exclusion from this country, we cannot wonder, much less protest. We do not mean that such reprisals should modify our action. The massing in this country of a population essentially alien in every way to the dominant race and civilization, like every other problem of immigration, is a question of expediency to be very carefully considered and settled. Our power of assimilation is already fully tasked.

But that fact does not affect the situation reported by Bishop Fowler, and his report, unless dismissed as unworthy of attention, may well suggest precautions upon our part. American population and interests in China are large. If a general scheme of hostility to them is ripening, it would be wise to provide for its outburst. The situation, if justly apprehended, makes necessary the constant presence of an effective naval force in Chinese waters. If the bishop's forecast be accurate, the situation must be equally well known to other Americans long resident in China. Do any of them confirm his statement?

THE FLACK CRIME.

It will be a public disgrace if the criminal conspiracy which has been exposed in the Flack case is suffered to go unpunished. A wife is divorced from her husband upon a forged application, and the records are withheld from the public eye. When the newspapers, more faithful than the courts, disclose the facts, the judge who had issued the decree declares that he was deceived, and annuls the divorce. That is his confession of the commission of a crime to which he alleges that he was made unconsciously accessory. Is the matter to rest here? Is nothing more to be done?

The judge must be aware of his own position if the case ends here. He must know that he lies under a black cloud of suspicion, and that his usefulness as a judge is gone. His conduct was not an error merely, a slip, an oversight. However innocent he may be, his action was a blow at orderly society. His decree dissolved a marriage under false pretenses and in the dark. The scope of the transaction, the significance and consequences of such a conspiracy, are as well known to him as they are to all other intelligent men. It is the public welfare, the honesty of the bench, as well as his own character and reputation, which are at stake.

The situation is not improved by the fact that all the persons implicated as chief conspirators in this plot against the public welfare are connected with Tammany Hall. That virtuous political machine, with great ostentation, has dismissed Flack. And then? After Flack, what? Have the other chief agents in the affair been disciplined in the same way? Is Tammany pushing the case to trial? Is Tammany anxious that it should appear that the chief agents in a public crime of this character are all attachés or stipendiaries of the Hall? Has the public seen the end of the Flack case?

TO PREVENT BRIBERY.

In the late trial of bribery cases the failure to convict is not surprising. It would be interesting to know the nature of the evidence which the City Reform Club had procured, but which was not available at the trial. Every case of the kind conducted by the present District Attorney lies, of course, under suspicion of half-hearted prosecution, but in the nature of the case conviction is always difficult, because bribery is a transaction between two persons who, being equally guilty, are not likely to tell.

In the late cases, as in others, the moral certainty may be absolute, while the legal evidence is wanting. The result of the trial in such cases is not to reinstate the accused as perfectly innocent. The unconvicted "boodlers" are not restored to public confidence as honest men. The offence is believed, but it is "not proven." The trial by newspaper in the boodle cases has been as conclusive as the journey to Canada, although an honest juryman might hold that no evidence given at the trial showed the indisputable guilt of the accused.

The failures of all these cases are powerful arguments for ballot reform. Since bribery at the polls, although one of the deadliest perils of popular government, is intrinsically difficult of proof, the diminution of the possibility of bribery is one of the most reasonable objects of legislation. The law lately passed in Massachusetts, which will be tested at the State election of this autumn, destroys one of the chief conditions of effective bribery by securing the secrecy of the ballot. It prevents the briber from knowing that the vote which he has bought is actually deposited. Bribery can be largely prevented, if it cannot be punished.

PERSONAL.

The recent quarrel between the two collaborators Erckmann and Chatrian was the first intimation to many people that the compound name did not belong to a single personality. This literary partnership has existed for nearly fifty years, and the two men have been not only co-workers, but devoted friends. For almost thirteen years their joint labors were unsuccessful, and they were reduced almost to penury, when matters took a sudden turn, and they became popular in a day. Since then they have so closely supplemented one another's labors that there has been hardly a single chapter in any one of their many published volumes in which both men have not had a share. The breach which failure and success were powerless to compass has been brought about by a question of money. M. Chatrian and his friends accuse M. Erckmann of overreaching and avarice, because of the latter's objection to granting any of the profits from the dramatizations of the joint productions to the playwrights who assisted M. Chatrian in preparing these works for the stage. M. Georgel, the champion of M. Chatrian, goes so far as to accuse M. Erckmann of having shown cowardice and lack of patriotism during the Franco-Prussian war, and there is a probability that more disagreeable personalities will be indulged in before the affair is concluded.

—The Empress Frederick is said to have resigned all the papers and diaries of the late Emperor in return for the revocation by her son of the statute obliging her to live in Germany.

—The "good gray poet" received a visit a few days ago from Sir Edwin Arnold, who made a stop at Camden solely for the purpose of paying his respects to Whitman. The author of "The Light of Asia," who advances the claim to being half an American in virtue of his marriage with a niece of Dr. Channing, is described as a man of good height and fine bearing, with a strong but pleasant face. He has been decorated with orders by the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Siam, besides receiving the Order of the Star of India from Queen Victoria. Sir Edwin's stay in America will be short, as he and Miss Arnold are *en route* for Japan. Both father and daughter are in mourning for Lady Arnold, who died quite recently.

—M. Adolpe Pagues, the barber who has had the honor of serving Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Theophile Gautier, Malibran, and Mademoiselle Mars, is still living in Paris, and has just celebrated his silver wedding.

—The attempt at training swallows to carry messages, instead of using carrier-pigeons, promises to meet with success. A swallow recently made the record of 155 miles in an hour and thirty minutes. Should such a messenger service prove feasible it will probably be adopted in the French army.

—The owner of the finest collection of watches in the world is Sir Julian Goldschmid, a wealthy Englishman, whose riches are said to nearly equal those of the Rothschilds. Sir Julian and his wife and daughters have spent part of the summer at Newport.

—The Rev. William H. Milburn, who assisted at the funeral of S. S. Cox, and the personalities in whose prayers created such a sensation when he was Chaplain of the House in 1887, began life under widely different conditions from those which now surround him. A Methodist circuit rider at twenty, he was a tireless worker among the mountains of Ohio, Indiana, and Virginia, and it is claimed he has ridden 200,000 miles on horseback in the course of his ministrations. He held the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives under Buchanan, and is said to have created as great a sensation by his plainness of speech and candor in prayer then as he did in the same circumstances a generation later. In spite of his blindness he has travelled widely, both in this country and Europe; has lectured in England, and written two books descriptive of missionary labors in pioneer days. Mr. Milburn is sixty-six years old, but is still in vigorous mental and bodily health.

—The people of Paris, who have been impressed with the conviction that Edison was the inventor of the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and the phonograph, and possibly even of electricity itself, will probably think him more nearly a demi-god than ever since his gift of $2000 for the benefit of the poor of Paris. Mr. Edison is claimed to have received the greatest ovation in Paris ever accorded to a foreigner. M. Jules Claretie even declares that it may be said of Edison, as it was of Humboldt, that no nation can claim him as exclusively its own; his country is the world.

—The lectureship on poetry at the Johns Hopkins University will probably be offered to James Russell Lowell for the coming year.

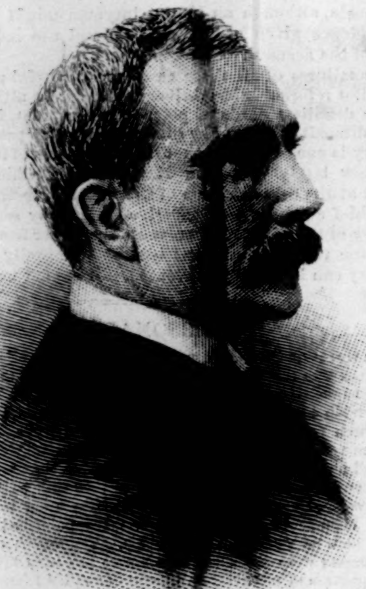
—The younger brother of General Von Moltke, who died recently in Schleswig, was at one time a famous officer in the Danish service, but after the Schleswig-Holstein war resigned his commission. He was a devoted lover of music. Although extremely kind-hearted, he was excessively irritated at any attention paid him because of his relationship to the "distinguished Von Moltke."

—A portrait statue of General McClellan is to be erected on the south front of the Philadelphia City Hall. The figure will be of bronze, and with the pedestal will stand thirty feet high. The designs are furnished by Paul J. Pelz and Henry J. Ellicott, and the cost of execution will be about $30,000. The anniversary of the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1890, is the date fixed for the unveiling of the statue.

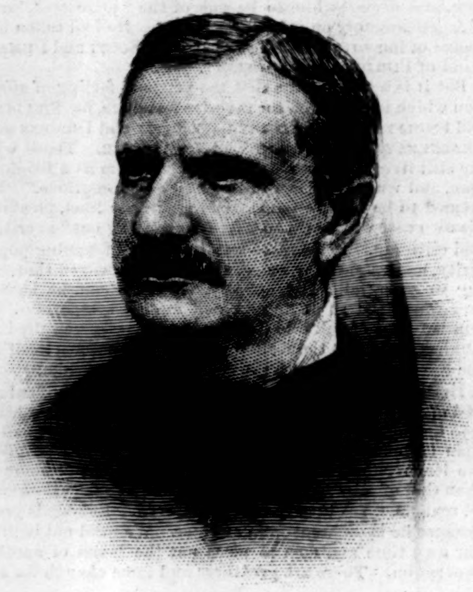
MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.

III.—THE STANDARD OIL MAGNATES.

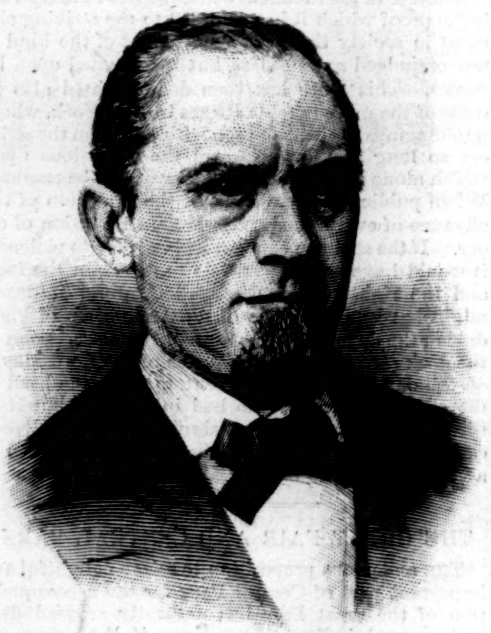
THE likeness which we give below represents the face of one whose name has been of late years on many tongues. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in connection with his associates, has achieved such a marked success in commercial affairs as to make him the subject of many strange and absurd stories. The facts, nevertheless, in regard to the organization and development of the petroleum industry are of so wonderful a character as to make the story of very general interest. Mr. Rockefeller has stood at the head of this unique movement, has acquired a large fortune, and, surrounded by a circle of enterprising associates, remains to give inspirations and directions to the affairs of the vast enterprise. Many will like to know something of the man who has so greatly assisted in developing an industry now capitalized at ninety millions (90,000,000) of dollars, and whose shares are quoted at one hundred and seventy (170).



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.



CHARLES PRATT.

There was nothing peculiar in his early life. It was of the typical American character. His ancestors for many generations have lived in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and without being specially prominent, have produced a family history altogether creditable. The family removed to Cleveland when Mr. Rockefeller was a lad, and he there received his education in the public schools, and began his business career. Coming to Mr. Rockefeller's relation to the oil business, we find him thirty years ago with a small capital running a little refinery at Cleveland. There were represented, however, in this small beginning the elements which have since crystallized into the compact organization known as the Standard Oil Trust. These elements were push, far-sightedness, comprehensive views of the necessities and possibilities of the trade, with an ambition to combine and develop all the resources at command to give the world a cheap and good illuminator. These ideas were never lost sight of, and the objective point was finally reached. One after another of those who were competing for the trade became convinced of the importance of a strong association, and either accepted satisfactory considerations for retiring from the business or joined their forces with the Standard Oil Company.

In manners Mr. Rockefeller is suave and rather reticent. He is domestic in his habits, a kind but conscientious father, bringing his children up in a plain and simple way. So far as the world can see, his interests in life are confined to his business, his family, and his Church. He is unostentatious, claiming no eminence because of his great wealth, though he is a munificent giver. Mr. Rockefeller is a stanch adherent of the Baptist Church, and a faithful attendant on its services. Though necessarily much absent from Cleveland, he retains the superintendency of the Sunday-school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, and when at home personally conducts its services. In connection with other distinguished members of the denomination, he is planning for a Baptist University in Chicago, toward which he has promised liberal aid, though the amount has been largely overstated.

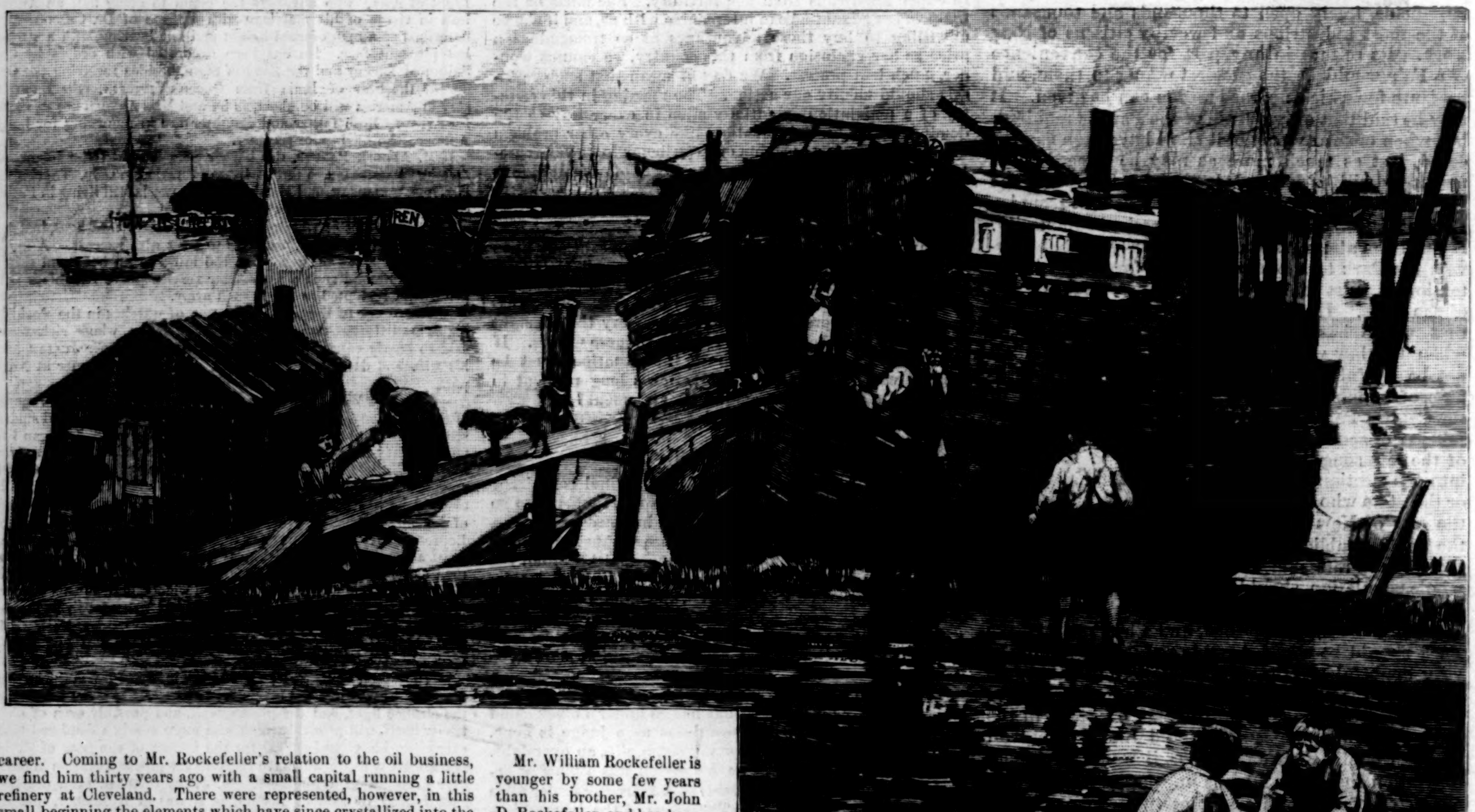
Mr. Rockefeller's reputation is so largely associated with the trust of which he is the president and acknowledged leader that his views of this organization are of interest. In his testimony given before the Senate Committee of this State charged with investigating "Trusts," he testified that the "Standard Oil Trust" had never in any way sought to restrict the production of refined oil in order to command higher prices, but by the use of improved methods and machinery had reduced the cost, stimulated the consumption, and made possible a larger production. There had been no attempt to repress competition, though some badly constructed and poorly managed refineries had ceased work. As to competitors, of whom there were many, the trust had always been on friendly terms with them.

Mr. Rockefeller is yet a comparatively young man, and it may be inferred from his careful and prudent habits, as well as from his generous disposition, that he has before him many years of usefulness in those social and religious interests which are particularly his source of pleasure.

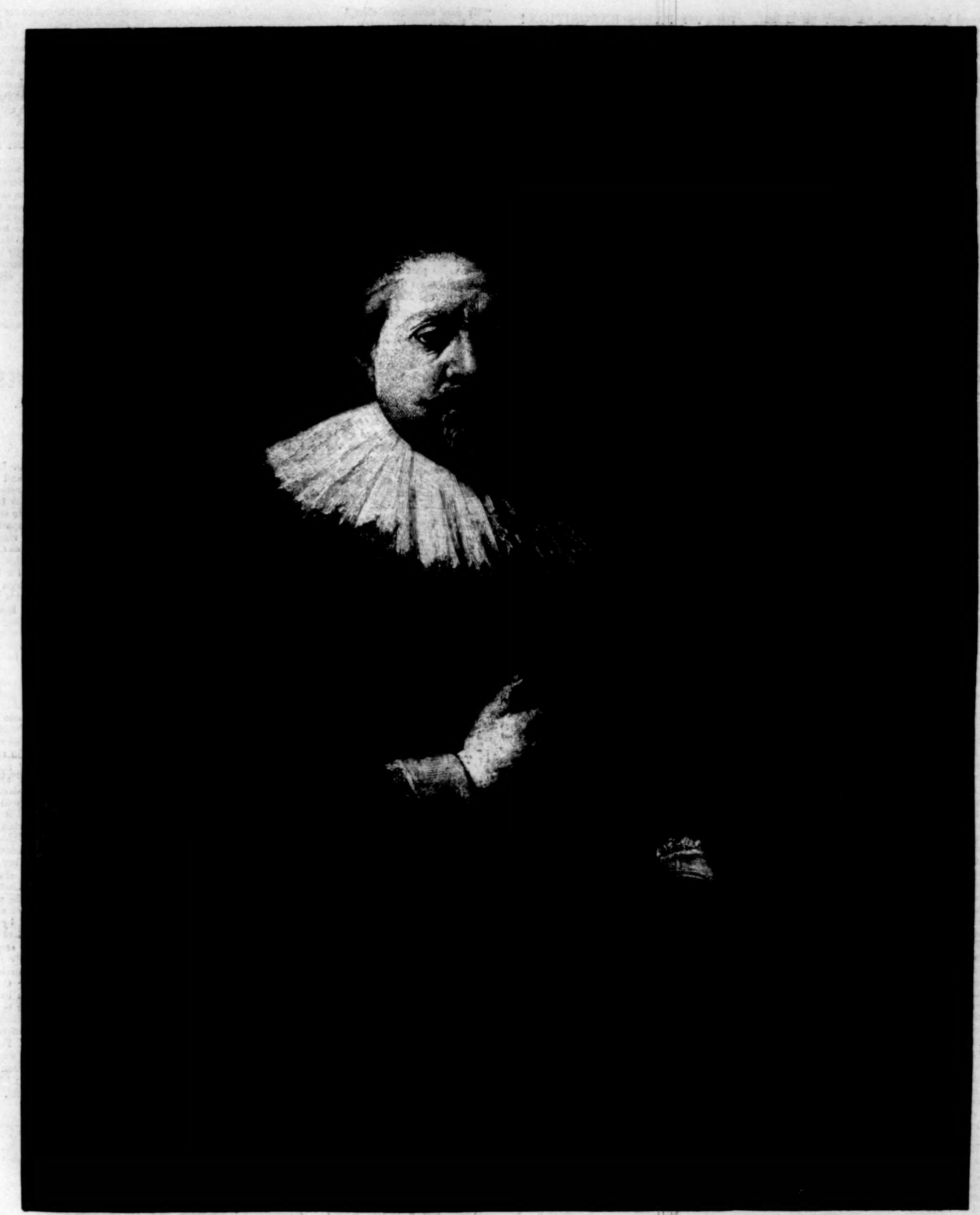
Mr. William Rockefeller is younger by some few years than his brother, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and has been associated with him in business since the two were young men. He was educated in the public schools in Cleveland, where the Rockefeller family settled when the State of Ohio was a far Western State. The two brothers established together the partnership which has grown into the Standard Oil group of capitalists. It was originally known as Rockefeller & Co. As the business grew, William came to New York to look after the Eastern interests, and the New York firm of the same name was established. In Cleveland the firm name was then changed from time to time, and was successively William Rockefeller & Co., Rockefeller & Andrews, and Rockefeller, Andrews, & Flagler, finally being merged into the Standard Oil Company.

From the beginning Mr. William Rockefeller assumed the charge of the merchandising and of the financial department, and the enormous growth of the business and its unfaltering course of prosperity are ample evidence of his ability as a merchant. He was made the president of the company, and later, when the Standard Oil Trust was established, he was elected vice-president of it. As his fortune grew he acquired many other interests, and is now a director in the United States Trust Company, the Hanover Bank, the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, and in the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad companies.

Mr. William Rockefeller is generally known as a man more given to the enjoyments that are only within the reach of the very rich than his elder brother; but he is, like his brother, a member of many years' standing in the Baptist Church. He is domestic in his tastes, being devotedly attached to his family, but is also a club-man and an enthusiastic horseman. He belongs to the Union League Club, and to the Riding Club at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, and may be seen almost any fine day



A QUEER RESIDENCE.—DRAWN BY C. A. CORWIN.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



THE PORTRAIT OF CHRISTIAN PAUL VAN BEERESTEYN, BURGOMASTER OF DELFT, PAINTED BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART. BY PERMISSION OF ITS OWNER, MR. HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.

driving some of the finest horses on the uptown roads. His fondness for horses is not a sporting taste, for he is not a familiar figure at the race-tracks, but is rather an outgrowth of his passion for developing blooded stock. His summer place in Connecticut is stocked with the finest horses and cattle that money can buy, and it is more than probable that he will establish a magnificent stud at his new place at Tarrytown, where, having bought the famous Aspinwall estate, he is now erecting a fine mansion. In this house, which by all reports is to be a marvel of beauty, elegance, and convenience, he proposes to establish his home.

Mr. Rockefeller is, like nearly all the other members of the group to which he belongs, of a retiring disposition, and shuns rather than courts publicity of any kind. He is quicker and more nervous in his manner than his brother, but is valuable in the great combination by reason of his discrimination and clear, correct judgment. These traits make him an important member of the council in all of the corporations with which he is connected. He is also famous for the careful attention to detail, and the exact knowledge of it, which is of the utmost importance in so vast an institution as that with which he is identified.

Mr. Henry M. Flagler, the third member of the small group of men who control between two hundred and three hundred millions of dollars, has been the subject of a vast amount of misinformation that has been published from time to time in the press of the country, but, with the peculiar reticence which characterizes the entire group, has always hitherto refrained from offering or authorizing any correction or denial. Until the present occasion, no correct or authorized sketch of his life has ever been given to the public.

He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was born in Canandaigua something more than half a century ago. At the age of fourteen years he anticipated Horace Greeley's advice, and went to what was then the West. To a remarkable degree he succeeded in "growing up with the country," for he settled in the northern part of Ohio at a time when there was less than a hundred miles of railroad in that State. After a somewhat prolonged struggle to establish himself, he succeeded when a young man in getting into business in a small way as a grain and provision commission merchant in Cleveland. All the stories, which have been frequently told, about his early ambition to become a tavern-keeper, and about his first start in business being made through the liberal kindness of a well-to-do father-in-law, Mr. Flagler declares to be without any foundation excepting in the imagination of the writer.

He says of himself that he made his start by the exercise of the most rigid self-denial, and that he was distinctly a mean man until he had made his first million. A man, he says, ought to be stingy until he has accumulated money, in order to be able afterward to be as generous as he likes. The way in which he has carried out his theory may be understood from a recent incident. He was devotedly attached to his daughter, a young married lady, who died lately, after a long and painful illness, during which she had been attended by Dr. George Shelton, of Madison Avenue, New York. After her death Mr. Flagler sent to Dr. Shelton certain securities of the face value of $50,000, which were worth in the market $87,000. In the letter which accompanied the securities he thanked Dr. Shelton for his kindness and care, and asked him to accept the stock as his fee. The physician had sent no bill, and had not asked for his pay.

Such an act of munificence, fitly to be called royal if it had been performed by a monarch, was easily within the means of one of the eight men who control the Standard Oil properties, and thereby the petroleum trade of the United States, if not the world. Great as his individual fortune is — and it has been estimated by those who claim to know much about the facts at forty or fifty millions—it is small compared with the amount he assists in controlling.

In the exercise of his power he is fond of remaining in the background, and making his influence felt rather than seen. Personally he is a handsome, genial man, with fascinating manners, and an air of cordiality which makes him exceedingly popular and agreeable among his personal acquaintances. Another characteristic incident or two will indicate how, aside from his lavish use of money, his traits of character are likely to attract friendship.

The investments of the Standard Oil group, outside of their original business, are many and vast. The accumulated surplus of the trust alone has been said to be in the neighborhood of one hundred millions. Among these investments have been the purchase of enormous properties in the State of Florida, and the improvement of certain portions of that State, particularly the city of St. Augustine. Mr. Flagler's hotels there are called the finest in the world. These hotels are run with an apparent disregard of any relation to be established between expense and income. The resident manager of one of them wrote not long ago to Mr. Flagler that, in view of the fact that there were very few guests in the house, he thought it might be advisable to dispense with the services of one of the two bands that were employed in the hotel to give daily concerts. Mr. Flagler replied that he was not anxious to hear any suggestions whatever in regard to possible retrenchments in the expense of conducting his hotels, but that if the manager had any new ideas in regard to how life might be made pleasanter for the guests who were staying there, he might write about that.

In purchasing the site for one of these hotels it became desirable to buy a certain corner lot that was occupied by a small church building. This property was worth perhaps five or six thousand dollars, but the trustees, scenting the opportunities of a good bargain, demanded ten thousand when overtures were made for the purchase. This sum Mr. Flagler flatly refused to pay. He says he never pays a dollar for anything that is worth no more than ninety-nine cents. After some negotiation, however, he agreed to exchange a plot of ground, equally desirable for church use, for the one he wanted, and to erect a new edifice on the new ground, equal in all respects to the old church building. This offer was accepted, and he was as good as his word. He put up a handsome church and a parsonage, and furnished them both throughout. The total expense to him was over eighty thousand dollars.

Mr. Charles Pratt, who is, perhaps, next to the two Rockefellers and Mr. Flagler, the most influential of the group who control the fortunes of the Standard Oil Company and the Standard Oil Trust, is a New-Englander by extraction, but has been a New-Yorker since his early life, or rather a Greenpoint oil refiner for a long time. He was one of the first, about a quarter of a century ago, to appreciate the extent of the petroleum trade that began when the great oil fields of Pennsylvania were first developed, and devoting himself to the perfect refining of this product, he succeeded in linking his name with the best form in which it was put upon the market.

When, later than that, the Standard Oil group from Cleveland was rapidly absorbing all the considerable petroleum establishments in the country, and was laying the foundation for the gigantic Standard Oil Trust, Mr. Pratt was wise in his generation, and being stronger than most of the other refiners, he was able to make most excellent terms for himself when he joined the combination instead of selling out his interests.

From that day on his fortune, already a large one, has grown rapidly and steadily, until Mr. Pratt is probably unable to say exactly how much he is worth. It is many millions—estimated at from ten to thirty—but great as it is, it bears no comparison to the enormous sums which he, as one of the members of the great trust, assists in controlling.

Mr. Pratt is about sixty years old, but is vigorous and active, appearing fully ten years younger. He is not above medium height, but is inclined to stoutness. His complexion is light rather than dark, and his sparse brown beard and hair are well tinged with gray. He is reserved in manner, and gives the impression to the casual observer that he is distrustful of mankind in general.

For the past fifteen years he has been prominently identified with the cause of education in the city of Brooklyn. During nearly all of that period he has been the executive head of the Adelphi Academy of that city—an institution which now enjoys a national reputation as a centre of learning, but which when he took charge of it was hardly equal to any one of the leading public schools of Kings County.

While his work and benefactions to the Adelphi made him locally famous, yet most of his reputation as a philanthropist rests upon his Industrial Institute. This noble charity is intended to supply the wants of men and women who have some mechanical aptitude, but whose education has been neglected. It gives not only a good training in the rudimentary branches, but also a thorough knowledge of the skilled industries. The Institute is a handsome brick building, with accommodations for three hundred students. It has a notably good library and a very able corps of professors and instructors. It is liberally endowed, the capital being invested in a series of seven six-storied apartment-houses, known as the Astral Flats, the name being taken from the trade-mark of Pratt's astral oil.

BRAVO, PARIS EXPOSITION!

Add to your show, before you close it, France,
With all the rest, visible, concrete, temples, towers, goods, machines, and ores,
Our sentiment wafted from many million heart-throbs, ethereal, but solid,
(We grandsons and great-grandsons do not forget your grandsires),
From fifty Nations and nebulous Nations compacted, sent over sea to-day,
America's applause, love, memories, and good-will.

Walt Whitman.

THE RECENT DISASTER AT QUEBEC.

Shortly after seven o'clock on Thursday evening last, while the laboring people dwelling in Champlain Street, at the foot of Cape Diamond, Quebec, were in their homes after their day's work, a mass of rock thousands of tons in weight fell from near the top of the cliff, crushing in some thirty houses, and killing and injuring nearly one hundred persons. The mass of rock is estimated to have been nearly 500 feet in length, 200 feet in width, and 100 feet in depth, and its course of nearly 200 feet down the precipitous side of Cape Diamond made it utterly irresistible by any buildings in its way.

Little Champlain Street, with its high buildings and its famous flight of steps in its steepest part, is easily recalled by all visitors to Quebec. Champlain Street is less known, though it is through Champlain Street that tourists go to see the place where General Montgomery fell. The street lies immediately at the foot of Cape Diamond, and is inhabited chiefly by the wharf laborers, whose places of work are directly back of the houses in which they and their families live. In 1841 a landslide occurred, less fatal than that of Thursday last, and to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster a heavy retaining wall was built, so that the houses occupy but one side of the street.

"The Mountain" at Quebec, crowned by the Citadel, whose walls are apparently continued far beyond their real limits by the Dufferin and the Durham terraces, gives to Quebec the name "Gibraltar of America." Three hundred feet above Champlain Street tower the rocks, whose sides are so precipitous that only traditions remain of their having been scaled. A month of dry, hot weather from August 16th to September 16th had caused crevices to appear along the crest of the Cape. On Tuesday and Wednesday rain fell heavily, and the crevices were filled with water. Pieces of rock fell at intervals during Thursday, but, with the usual comfortable belief that what has not happened will not happen, none of the dwellers in Champlain Street paid any attention to the unspoken warnings until just before the landslide occurred. Then a few persons appreciated their danger, and a still smaller number betook themselves to safer places; but it was too late, and the rock fell.

Thousands of persons gathered about the place at once, so that the work of rescue was almost impossible. The battery of Royal Canadian Artillery was called from the Citadel, and the Cavalry School Corps from Levis, across the river, and the two commands, which have lost more men in dangerous work at fires and in half-ruined houses than in war, turned to, and during the dark rainy night, with lesser landslips occurring continually, by the light of lanterns and flickering torches, extricated from the compact mass of rock, wood, and brick thirteen bodies of the dead and twoscore of the living.

The morning of Friday showed the extent of the disaster; and there were found unsuspected crevices back of the two terraces, and under the famous King's Bastion in the Citadel. The crowds of spectators were driven back from their vantage-ground along the front of the terraces, and access to those terraces was forbidden; the King's Bastion was closed, and the great gun which morning, noon, and night gave time to Quebec was silenced.

Friday's work brought to light nearly a score more bodies, while many persons, some injured, some miraculously preserved unharmed, were rescued and removed to places of safety. How many bodies yet remain in the débris can only be told when the thousands of tons of rock are removed. To remove them will take, the engineers estimate, at least two months.

The landslide has entirely cut off the western part of the lower town, as Champlain Street was the only thoroughfare by which communication could be maintained with the lumber coves and houses along the river front to the west of the city.

AN AMERICAN VEGETABLE INDIGNATION MEETING.

BY AMOS W. WRIGHT.

A notable Convention,
Which calls for prompt attention,
At sunrise congregated in the fields the other morn.
There were present the Potato,
The esculent Tomato,
The dark green-leaved Tobacco, and the paler Indian Corn.

The pending agitation
Of Columbus' Celebration
Was the burning theme that wakened in these plants the power of speech.
Though of natures calm, benignant,
Yet a resolute, indignant
Protesting was apparent in the attitude of each.

"My ears have been alert,"
The Maize rose to assert,
"To hear myself acknowledged as a boon the New World brought,
Worth special recognition
At the coming Exhibition,
And deserving of a temple, or of something of the sort.

"A bar against starvation
I am in every nation
As yellow bread, and further in the form of pork and beef;
And yet no! e'en my juices
Have opened any sluices
Of eloquence in my behalf in speeches long or brief."

The Potato then recited
That *its* eyes had not alighted
As yet upon the words or resolutions to it due
As a vegetable blessing,
Of a value past expressing,
Conferred upon the Old World's hungry millions by the New.

And with a tone of ire,
Betraying latent fire,
The Tobacco Plant cried loudly out: "And am *I* to be spurned?
Is the whole world to use me?
Then by neglect abuse me?
'Twere better that I never soothed, nor fragrance gave, nor burned."

The Tomato, very red,
Raised too its voice and said
That though later came the services it rendered unto men,
It gave sauce to the rations
Of the people of all nations;
And, native born, upheld its claim to notice there and then.

Whereon the roused Potato,
The deeply flushed Tomato,
The serious Tobacco, and the rustling Indian Corn
Resolved, unless fit mention
And adequate attention
Were quickly given to them, there should soon be cause to mourn.

Their ultimate decision
Was a vigorous provision
To stop, all four, if need be, the production of their crops,
That people then could measure
The value of the treasure
Forgotten now by men absorbed in books, machines, and shops.

A world without Potatoes,
Tobacco, Maize, Tomatoes!
The fancy is almost beyond the scope of human thought.
Let the warning be not lost,
And, whatever be the cost,
Let the Fair bear worthy tribute to these gifts Columbus brought.

A QUEER HOME.

No reader of Dickens can ever forget the "black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cozily. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat, which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land." The fascination which Mr. Peggotty's house had for the child David Copperfield, it has still, at least for every youthful reader.

Like some clear description of a giant's castle in a fairy tale, the vivid picture in the novel seems a daring stroke of imagination, and one fancies there is no use looking for such a habitation for human beings in this work-a-day world as that in which Little Em'ly, and 'Am, and Mr. Peggotty, and Mrs. Gummidge lived. Yet the artist has found, close by, an example of just such a dwelling, one, indeed, which might have been the original in Dickens's eye, save that it is not on dry land at all, but is planted — it almost seems rooted — in the mud by the shore, and a rickety plank-walk serves as an avenue of approach from the mainland.

It is the home of a former canal-boat captain, who now has gone up higher, commercially, and is a contracter in canal transportation. Disgusted ten years ago with the houses ashore that were within his means, he and his wife settled in one of the dilapidated hulks of worn-out barges that are cast away in the Elysian Fields Basin, in Hoboken, and enthroning their household gods cozily, set vigorously about raising a family. There are now nine in the household, and though the first old hulk is now replaced by another, or rather the half of another, they have remained contented and prosperous in their quaint home.

On a summer day it seems a delightful one. The old beauty of the Elysian Fields clings like a memory around the little space not yet encroached upon by streets and railroads, and the basin is picturesque with the ruins of old boats, the breaking up of which is the main industry of the neighborhood. "It is healthy," says the mother of seven, with a happy smile, "and it is much pleasanter than the crowded tenement-houses. We are out of the way of disturbances and tax collectors, and directory canvassers let us alone, though the census-takers did hunt us up. We have rooms enough in the boat to live comfortably, and the children go to school, all but the youngest."

It almost seems a grievance against the worthy family that live in what might be considered a perennial picnic to find that they are of the same kind as people ashore, and that they have the same interests and aims in life. Even the little ones, tumbling around without a front or back yard, and occasionally dropping into the water instead of sprawling in the grass, are exactly like other children, and are utterly unappreciative of their high prerogative in the romance of childhood. They are even prosaic enough—this matter-of-fact family—to reckon as one of the principal advantages of their idyllic mode of life that they are exempt from the monthly annoyance of paying rent.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

I.

Superficially, the affairs of *Every Other Week* settled into their wonted form again, and for Fulkerson they seemed thoroughly reinstated. But March had a feeling of impermanency from what had happened, mixed with a fantastic sense of shame toward Lindau. He did not sympathize with Lindau's opinions; he thought his remedy for existing evils as wildly impracticable as Colonel Woodburn's. But while he thought this, and while he could justly blame Fulkerson for Lindau's presence at Dryfoos's dinner, which his zeal had brought about in spite of March's protests, still he could not rid himself of the reproach of uncandor with Lindau. He ought to have told him frankly about the ownership of the magazine, and what manner of man the man was whose money he was taking. But he said that he never could have imagined that he was serious in his preposterous attitude in regard to a class of men who embody half the prosperity of the country; and he had moments of revolt against his own humiliation before Lindau, in which he found it monstrous that he should return Dryfoos's money as if it had been the spoil of a robber. His wife agreed with him in these moments, and said it was a great relief not to have that tiresome old German coming about. They had to account for his absence evasively to the children, whom they could not very well tell that their father was living on money that Lindau disdained to take, even though Lindau was wrong and their father was right. This heightened Mrs. March's resentment toward both Lindau and Dryfoos, who between them had placed her husband in a false position. If anything, she resented Dryfoos's conduct more than Lindau's. He had never spoken to March about the affair since Lindau had renounced his work, or added to the apologetic messages he had sent by Fulkerson. So far as March knew, Dryfoos had been left to suppose that Lindau had simply stopped for some reason that did not personally affect him. They never spoke of him, and March was too proud to ask either Fulkerson or Conrad whether the old man knew that Lindau had returned his money. He avoided talking to Conrad, from a feeling that if he did, he should involuntarily lead him on to speak of his differences with his father. Between himself and Fulkerson, even, he was uneasily aware of a want of their old perfect friendliness. Fulkerson had finally behaved with honor and courage; but his

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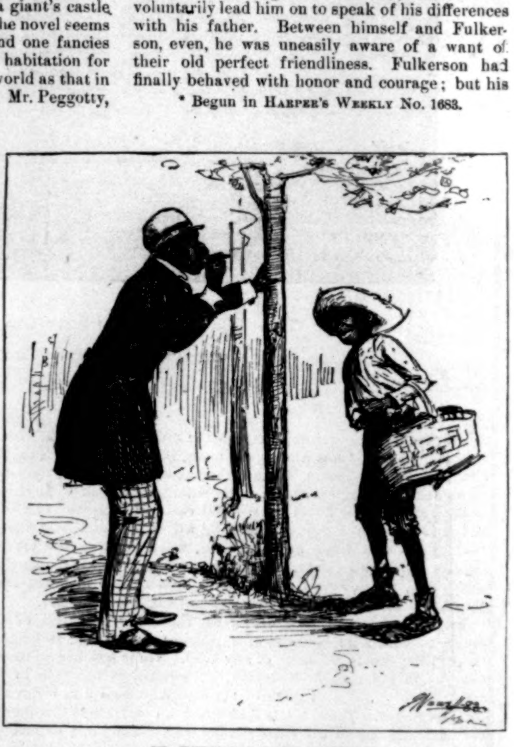
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.



IT DIDN'T DRAW WELL.

"Wot's de mattah, Mistah Abrams—don't she draw good?"
"Uh!—no (*puff*). Would yo' min' settin' down yo' baskit (*puff*) an' fannin' de en' wid yo' hat till I gits it sta'ted?"

provisional reluctance had given March the measure of Fulkerson's character in one direction, and he could not ignore the fact that it was smaller than he could have wished.

He could not make out whether Fulkerson shared his discomfort or not. It certainly wore away, even with March, as time passed, and with Fulkerson, in the bliss of his fortunate love, it was probably far more transient, if it existed at all. He advanced into the winter as radiantly as if to meet the spring, and he said that if there were any pleasanter month of the year than November, it was December, especially when the weather was good and wet and muddy most of the time, so that you had to keep in-doors a long while after you called anywhere.

Colonel Woodburn had the anxiety, in view of his daughter's engagement, when she asked his consent to it, that such a dreamer must have in regard to any reality that threatens to affect the course of his reveries. He had not perhaps taken her marriage into account, except as a remote contingency; and certainly Fulkerson was not the kind of son-in-law that he had imagined in dealing with that abstraction. But because he had nothing of the sort definitely in mind, he could not oppose the selection of Fulkerson with success; he really knew nothing against him, and he knew many things in his favor; Fulkerson inspired him with the liking that every one felt for him in a measure; he amused him, he cheered him; and the Colonel had been so much used to leaving action of all kinds to his daughter that when he came to close quarters with the question of a son-in-law, he felt helpless to decide it, and he let her decide it, as if it were still to be decided when it was submitted to him. She was competent to treat it in all its phases: not merely those of personal interest, but those of duty to the broken Southern past, sentimentally dear to him, and practically absurd to her. No such South as he remembered had ever existed to her knowledge, and no such civilization as he imagined would ever exist, to her belief, anywhere. She took the world as she found it, and made the best of it. She trusted in Fulkerson; she had proved his magnanimity in a serious emergency; and in small things she was willing fearlessly to chance it with him. She was not a sentimentalist, and there was nothing fantastic in her expectations; she was a girl of good sense and right mind, and she liked the immediate practicality as well as the final honor of Fulkerson. She did not idealize him, but in the highest effect she realized him; she did him justice, and she would not have believed that she did him more than justice if she had sometimes known him to do himself less.

Their engagement was a fact to which the Leighton household adjusted itself almost as simply as the lovers themselves; Miss Woodburn told the ladies at once, and it was not a thing that Fulkerson could keep from March very long. He sent word of it to Mrs. March by her husband; and his engagement perhaps did more than anything else to confirm the confidence in him which had been shaken by his early behavior in the Lindau episode, and not wholly restored by his tardy fidelity to March. But now she felt that a man who wished to get married so obviously and entirely for love was full of all kinds of the best instincts, and only needed the guidance of a wife to become very noble. She interested herself intensely in balancing the respective merits of the engaged couple, and after her call upon Miss Woodburn in her new character she prided herself upon recognizing the worth of some strictly Southern qualities in her, while maintaining the general average of New England superiority. She could not reconcile herself to the Virginian custom illustrated in her having been christened with the surname of Madison; and she said that its pet form of Mad, which Fulkerson promptly invented, only made it more ridiculous.

Fulkerson was slower in telling Beaton. He was afraid, somehow, of Beaton's taking the matter in the cynical way; Miss Woodburn said she would break off the engagement if Beaton was left to guess it or find it out by accident, and then Fulkerson plucked up his courage. Beaton received the news with gravity, and with a sort of melancholy meekness that strongly moved Fulkerson's sympathy, and made him wish that Beaton was engaged too.

It made Beaton feel very old; it somehow left him behind and forgotten; in a manner, it made him feel trifled with. Something of the unfriendliness of fate seemed to overcast his resentment, and he allowed the sadness of his conviction that he had not the means to marry on to tinge his recognition of the fact that Alma Leighton would not have wanted him to marry her, if he had. He was now often in that martyr mood in which he wished to help his father; not only to deny himself Chianti, but to forego a fur-lined overcoat which he intended to get for the winter. He postponed the moment of actual sacrifice as regarded the Chianti, and he bought the overcoat in an anguish of self-reproach. He wore it the first evening after he got it in going to call upon the Leightons, and it seemed to him a piece of ghastly irony when Alma complimented his picturesqueness in it, and asked him to let her sketch him.

"Oh, you can *sketch* me," he said, with so much gloom that it made her laugh.

"If you think it's so serious, I'd rather not."

"No, no! Go ahead! How do you want me?"

"Oh, fling yourself down on a chair in one of your attitudes of studied negligence; and twist one corner of your mustache with affected absence of mind."

"And you think I'm always studied, always affected?"

"I didn't *say* so."

"I didn't ask you what you *said*."

"And I won't tell you what I think."

"Ah, I know what you think."

"What made you ask, then?" The girl laughed again with the satisfaction of her sex in cornering a man.

Beaton made a show of not deigning to reply, and put himself in the pose she suggested, frowning.

"Ah, that's it. But a little more animation.

"'As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.'"

She put her forehead down on the back of her hand and laughed again. "You ought to be photographed. You look as if you were sitting for it."

Beaton said: "That's because I know I am being photographed, in one way. I don't think you ought to call me affected. I never am so with you; I know it wouldn't be of any use."

"Oh, Mr. Beaton, you flatter."

"No, I never flatter you."

"I meant you flattered yourself."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Imagine."

"I know what you mean. You think I can't be sincere with anybody."

"Oh, no I don't."

"What do you think?"

"That you can't—try." Alma gave another victorious laugh.

Miss Woodburn and Fulkerson would once have both feigned a great interest in Alma's sketching Beaton, and made it the subject of talk, in which they approached as nearly as possible the real interest of their lives. Now they frankly remained away, in the dining-room, which was very cozy after the dinner had disappeared; the Colonel sat with his lamp and paper in the gallery beyond; Mrs. Leighton was about her house-keeping affairs, in the content she always felt when Alma was with Beaton.

"They seem to be having a pretty good time in there," said Fulkerson, detaching himself from his own absolute good time as well as he could.

"At least Alma does," said Miss Woodburn.

"Do you think she cares for him?"

"Quahte as moch as he desoves."

"What makes you all down on Beaton around here? He's not such a bad fellow."

"We awe not all doan on him. Mrs. Leighton isn't doan on him."

"Oh, I guess if it was the old lady, there wouldn't be much question about it."

They both laughed, and Alma said, "They seem to be greatly amused with something in there."

"Me, probably," said Beaton. "I seem to amuse everybody to-night."

"Don't you always?"

"I always amuse you, I'm afraid, Alma."

She looked at him as if she were going to snub him openly for using her name; but apparently she decided to do it covertly. "You didn't at first. I really used to believe you could be serious once."

"Couldn't you believe it again? Now?"

"Not when you put on that wind-harp stop."

"Wetmore has been talking to you about me. He would sacrifice his best friend to a phrase. He spends his time making them."

"He's made some very pretty ones about you."

"Like the one you just quoted?"

"No, not exactly. He admires you ever so much. He says—" She stopped, teasingly.

"What?"

"He says you could be almost anything you wished, if you didn't wish to be everything."

"That sounds more like the *school* of Wetmore. That's what *you* say, Alma. Well, if there were something you wished me to be, I could be it."

"We might adapt Kingsley: 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.'" He could not help laughing. She went on: "I always thought that was the most patronizing and exasperating thing ever addressed to a human girl; and we've had to stand a good deal in our time. I should like to have it applied to the other 'sect' awhile. As if any girl that *was* a girl would be good if she had the remotest chance of being clever!"

"Then you wouldn't wish me to be good?" Beaton asked.

"Not if you were a girl."

"You want to shock me. Well, I suppose I deserve it. But if I were one-tenth part as good as you are, Alma, I should have a lighter heart than I have now. I know that I'm fickle, but I'm not false, as you think I am."

"Who said I thought you were false?"

"No one," said Beaton. "It isn't necessary, when you look it—live it."

"Oh, dear! I didn't know I devoted my whole time to the subject."

"I know I'm despicable. I could tell you something—the history of this day, even—that would make you despise me." Beaton had in mind his purchase of the overcoat, which Alma was getting in so effectively, with the money he ought to have sent his father. "But," he went on, darkly, with a sense that what he was that moment suffering for his selfishness must somehow be a kind of atonement, which would finally leave him to the guiltless enjoyment of the overcoat, "you wouldn't believe the depths of baseness I could descend to."

"I would try," said Alma, rapidly shading the collar, "if you'd give me some hint."

Beaton had a sudden wish to pour out his remorse to her, but he was afraid of her laughing at him. He said to himself that this was a very wholesome fear, and that if he could always have her at hand he should not make a fool of himself so often. A man conceives of such an office as the very noblest for a woman; he worships her for it if he is magnanimous. But Beaton was silent, and Alma put back her head for the right distance on her sketch. "Mr. Fulkerson thinks you are the sublimest of human beings for advising him to get Colonel Woodburn to interview Mr. Dryfoos about Lindau. What have you ever done with your Judas?"

"I haven't done anything with it. Nadel thought he would take hold of it at one time, but he dropped it again. After all, I don't suppose it could be popularized. Fulkerson wanted to offer it as a premium to subscribers for *Every Other Week*, but I sat down on that."

Alma could not feel the absurdity of this, and she merely said, "*Every Other Week* seems to be going on just the same as ever."

"Yes, the trouble has all blown over, I believe. Fulkerson," said Beaton, with a return to what they were saying, "has managed the whole business very well. But he exaggerates the value of my advice."

"Very likely," Alma suggested, vaguely. "Or no! Excuse me! He couldn't, he couldn't!" She laughed delightedly at Beaton's foolish look of embarrassment.

He tried to recover his dignity in saying, "He's a very good fellow, and he deserves his happiness."

"Oh, indeed!" said Alma, perversely. "Does any one deserve happiness?"

"I know I don't," sighed Beaton.

"You mean you don't get it."

"I certainly don't get it."

"Ah, but that isn't the reason."

"What is?"

"That's the secret of the universe." She bit in her lower lip, and looked at him with eyes of gleaming fun.

"Are you *never* serious?" he asked.

"With serious people—always."

"*I* am serious; and you have the secret of my happiness—" He threw himself impulsively forward in his chair.

"Oh, pose, pose!" she cried.

"I *won't* pose," he answered, "and you have got to listen to me. You know I'm in love with you; and I know that once you cared for me. Can't that time—won't it—come back again? Try to think so, Alma!"

"No," she said, briefly and seriously enough.

"But that seems impossible. What is it I've done—what have you against me?"

"Nothing. But that time is *past*. I couldn't recall it if I wished. Why did you bring it up? You've broken your word. You know I wouldn't have let you keep coming here if you hadn't promised never to refer to it."

"How could I help it? With that happiness near us—Fulkerson—"

"Oh, it's *that*? I might have known it!"

"No, it isn't that—it's something far deeper. But if it's nothing you have against me, what is it, Alma, that keeps you from caring for me now as you did then? I haven't changed."

"But *I* have. I shall never care for you again, Mr. Beaton; you might as well understand it once for all. Don't think it's anything in yourself, or that I think you unworthy of me. I'm not so self-satisfied as that; I know very well that I'm not a perfect character, and that I've no claim on perfection in anybody else. I think women who want that are fools; they won't get it, and they don't deserve it. But I've learned a good deal more about myself than I knew in St. Barnaby, and a life of work, of art, and of art alone—that's what I've made up my mind to."

"A woman that's made up her mind to that has no heart to hinder her!"

"Would a man have that had done so?"

"But I don't believe you, Alma. You're merely laughing at me. And besides, with me you needn't give up art. We could work together. You know how much I admire your talent. I believe I could help it—serve it; I would be its willing slave, and yours, Heaven knows!"

"I don't want any slave—nor any slavery. I want to be free—always. Now do you see? I *don't* care for you, and I never could, in the old way; but I should have to care for some one more than I believe I ever shall, to give up my work. Shall we go on?" She looked at her sketch.

"No, we shall not go on," he said, gloomily, as he rose.

"I suppose you blame me," she said, rising too.

"Oh no! I blame no one—or only myself. I threw my chance away."

"I'm glad you see that; and I'm glad you did it. You don't believe me, of course. Why do men think life can be only the one thing to women? And if you come to the selfish view, who are the happy women? I'm sure that if work doesn't fail me, health won't, and happiness won't."

"But you could work on with me—"

"Second fiddle. Do you suppose I shouldn't be woman enough to wish my work always less and lower than yours? At least I've heart enough for that!"

"You've heart enough for anything, Alma. I was a fool to say you hadn't."

"I think the women who keep their hearts have an even chance, at least, of having heart—"

"Ah, there's where you're wrong!"

"But mine isn't mine to give *you*, anyhow. And now I don't want you ever to speak to me about this again."

"Oh, there's no danger!" he cried, bitterly. "I shall never willingly see you again."

"That's as you like, Mr. Beaton. We've had to be very frank, but I don't see why we shouldn't be friends. Still, we needn't, if you don't like."

"And I may come—I may come here—as—as usual?"

"Why, if you can consistently," she said, with a smile, and she held out her hand to him.

He went home dazed, and feeling as if it were a bad joke that had been put upon him. At least the affair went so deep that it estranged the aspect of his familiar studio. Some of the things in it were not very familiar; he had spent lately a great deal on rugs, on stuffs, on Japanese bricabrac. When he saw these things in the shops he had felt that he must have them; that they were necessary to him; and he was partly in debt for them, still without having sent any of his earnings to pay his father. As he looked at them now he liked to fancy something weird and conscious in them as the silent witnesses of a broken life. He felt about among some of the smaller objects on the mantle for his pipe. Before he slept he was aware, in the luxury of his despair, of a remote relief, an escape; and, after all, the understanding he had come to with Alma was only the explicit formulation of terms long tacit between them. Beaton would have been puzzled more than he knew if she had taken him seriously. It was inevitable that he should declare himself in love with her; but he was not disappointed at her rejection of his love; perhaps not so much as he would have been at its acceptance, though he tried to think otherwise, and to give himself airs of tragedy. He did not really feel that the result was worse than what had gone before, and it left him free.

But he did not go to the Leightons' again for so long a time that Mrs. Leighton asked Alma what had happened. Alma told her.

"And he won't come any more?" her mother sighed, with reserved censure.

"Oh, I think he will. He couldn't very well come the next night. But he has the habit of coming, and with Mr. Beaton habit is everything—even the habit of thinking he's in love with some one."

"Alma," said her mother, "I don't think it's very nice for a girl to let a young man keep coming to see her after she's refused him."

"Why not, if it amuses him and doesn't hurt the girl?"

"But it does hurt her, Alma. It—it's indelicate. It isn't fair to him; it gives him hopes."

"Well, mamma, it hasn't happened in the given case yet. If Mr. Beaton comes again I won't see him, and you can forbid him the house."

"If I could only feel sure, Alma," said her mother, taking up another branch of the inquiry, "that you really knew your own mind, I should be easier about it."

"Then you can rest perfectly quiet, mamma. I do know my own mind; and what's worse, I know Mr. Beaton's mind."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he spoke to me the other night, simply because Mr. Fulkerson's engagement had broken him all up."

"What expressions!" Mrs. Leighton lamented.

"He let it out himself," Alma went on. "And you wouldn't have thought it was very flattering yourself. When I'm made love to, after this, I prefer to be made love to in an off year, when there isn't another engaged couple anywhere about."

"Did you tell him that, Alma?"

"Tell him that! What do you mean, mamma? I may be indelicate, but I'm not quite so indelicate as that."

"I didn't mean you were indelicate, really, Alma, but I wanted to warn you. I think Mr. Beaton was very much in earnest."

"Oh, so did he!"

"And you didn't?"

"Oh yes, for the time being. I suppose he's very much in earnest with Miss Vance at times, and with Miss Dryfoos at others. Sometimes he's a painter, and sometimes he's an architect, and sometimes he's a sculptor. He has too many gifts—too many tastes."

"And if Miss Vance, and Miss Dryfoos—"

"Oh, do say Sculpture and Architecture, mamma! It's getting so dreadfully personal!"

"Alma, you know that I only wish to get at your real feeling in the matter."

"And you know that I don't want to let you"—especially when I haven't got any real feeling in the matter. But I should think—speaking in the abstract entirely—that if either of those arts was ever going to be in earnest about him, it would want his exclusive devotion for a week at least."

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Leighton, "that he was doing anything now at the others. I thought he was entirely taken up with his work on *Every Other Week*."

"Oh, he is! He is!"

"And you certainly can't say, my dear, that he hasn't been very kind—very useful to you, in that matter."

"And so I ought to have said yes out of gratitude? Thank you, mamma! I didn't know you held me so cheap."

"You know whether I hold you cheap or not, Alma. I don't want you to cheapen yourself. I don't want you to trifle with any one. I want you to be honest with yourself."

"Well, come now, mamma! Suppose you begin. I've been perfectly honest with myself, and I've been honest with Mr. Beaton. I don't care for him, and I've told him I didn't; so he may be supposed to know it. If he comes here after this, he'll come as a plain, unostentatious friend of the family, and it's for you to say whether he shall come in that capacity or not. I hope you won't trifle with him, and let him get the notion that he's coming on any other basis."

Mrs. Leighton felt the comfort of the critical attitude far too keenly to abandon it for anything constructive. She only said, "You know very well, Alma, that's a matter I can have nothing to do with."

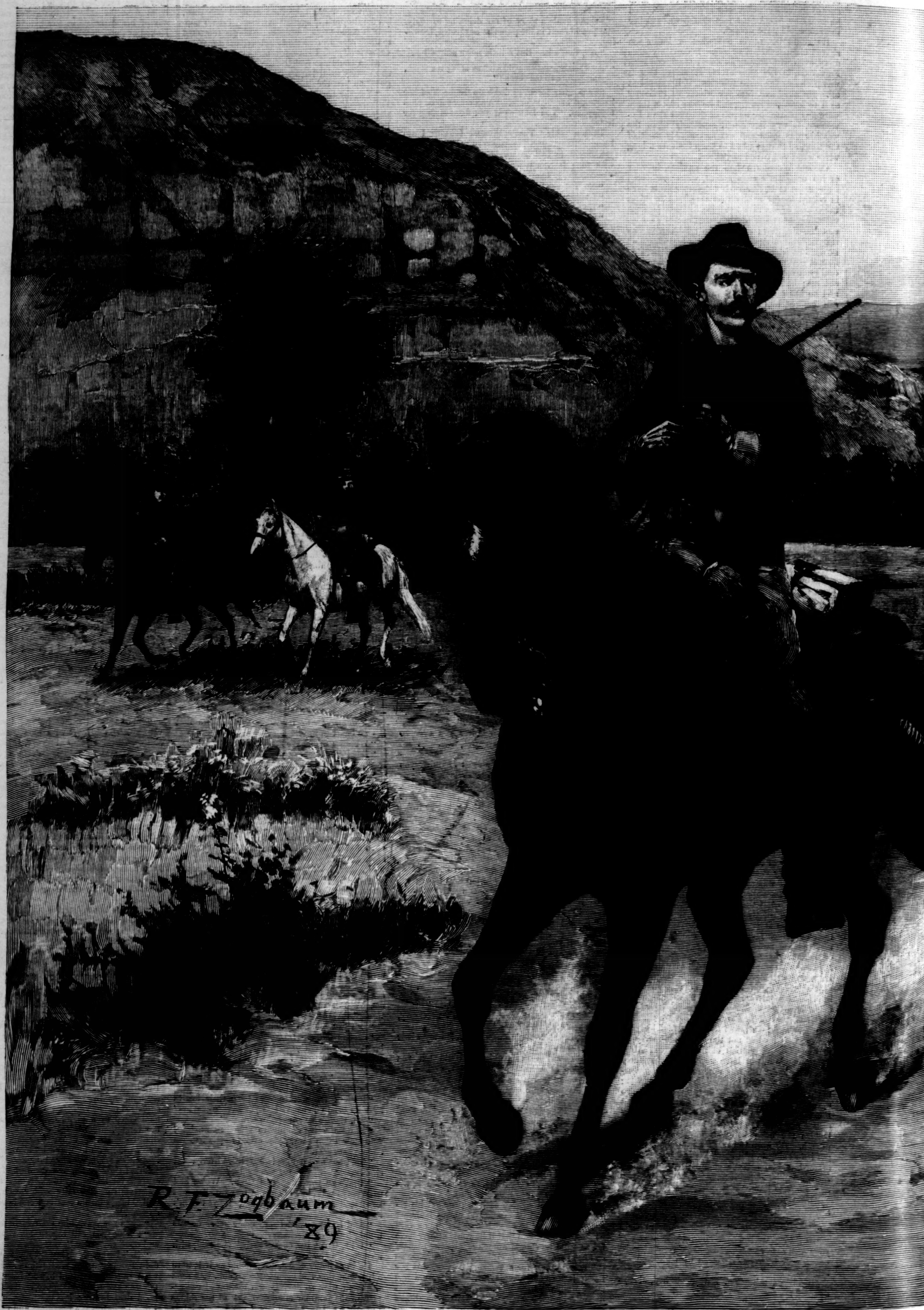
"Then you leave him entirely to me?"

"I hope you will regard his right to candid and open treatment."

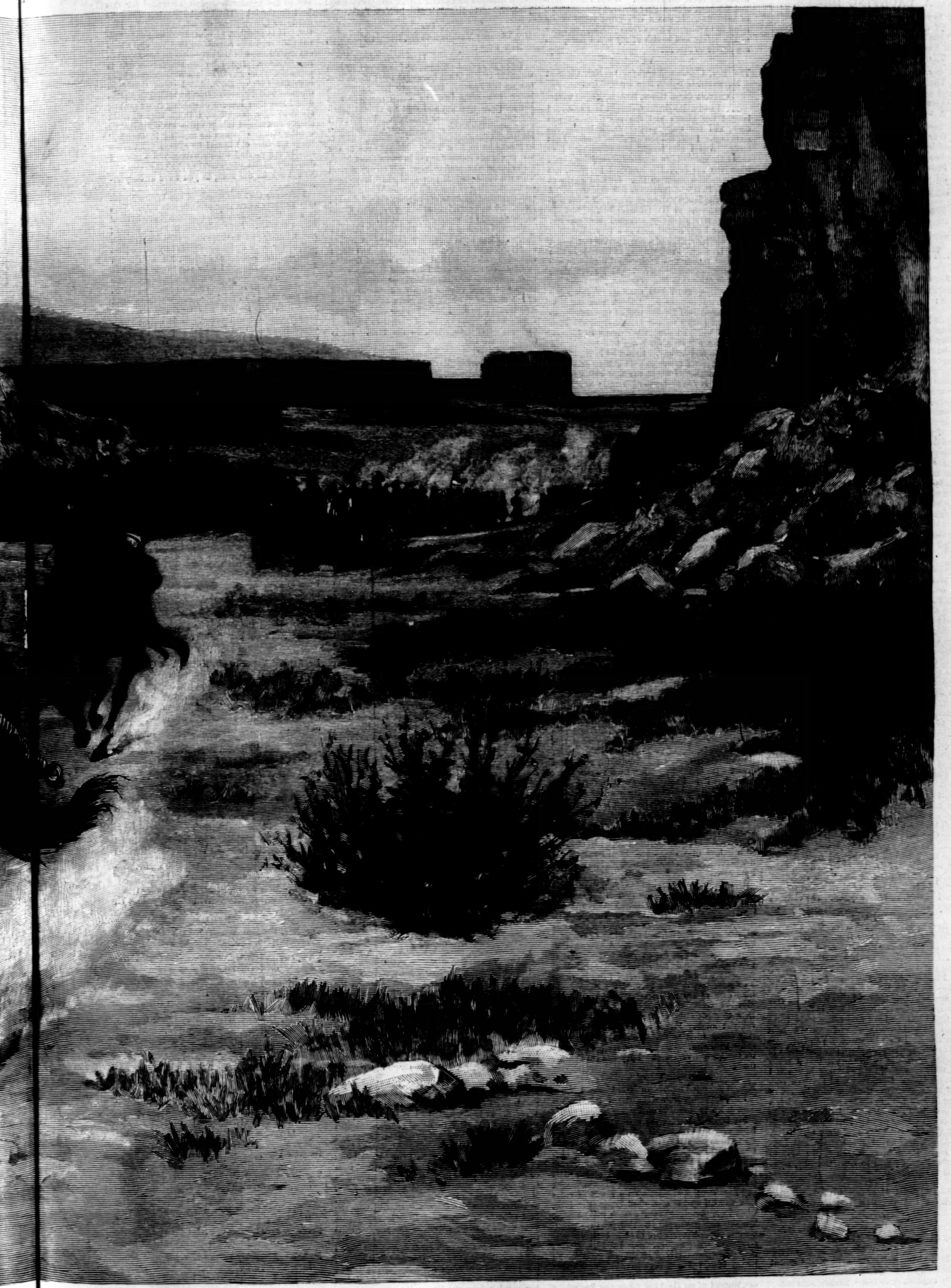
"He's had nothing but the most open and candid treatment from me, mamma. It's you that want to play fast and loose with him. And to tell you the truth, I believe he would like that a good deal better; I believe that if there's anything he hates, it's openness and candor."

Alma laughed, and put her arms round her mother, who could not help laughing a little too.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


R. F. Zogbaum '89

CAVALRY ON THE MARCH—DANGER A



R AH AD.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 779.]

A YACHTING DREAM.

A day for dreams! A waving plain
Of soft blue lake caresses;
White sails that droop, then swell amain,
As though the breeze wooed once again
The lovely nereid's tresses.

A day for dreams! O'er purpling deeps
The sky meets purple vastness,
And golden white rise sandy steeps
Where pines grow from a cloud that keeps
A wonder in its brightness.

A day for dreams! The silvery sands
O'er purpling waves show clearer;
And broad-based, bright, one fair hill stands
Across the deep, where pine-clad lands
Show fairer still, the nearer.

Nestled within those hills of sand,
At noon we found a city;
At eve we left, and on the strand
A sweet girl stood, smiled, waved her hand.
Sweet day! sweet dream! the pity!

H. T. S.

A TEMPORARY DEAD-LOCK.

I.

Mr. John Amesbury, Senior Warden of St. Jude's Church, Minneapolis, to the Rev. Clement Markham:

Vestry of St. Jude's, *April 4th.*

Dear Mr. Markham,—At a special meeting of the wardens and vestry of St. Jude's Church held this day, it was unanimously decided to grant your request for leave of absence from your duties as rector of this parish from June 1st till September 13th, inclusive, proximo, with permission to go abroad. I am instructed further to state that the wardens and vestry of St. Jude's have much pleasure in granting your request, as they feel that your zealous and very successful administration of the affairs of the parish has abundantly entitled you to a period of relaxation and rest. Your salary for the term of your absence will be paid to you in advance.

In my personal capacity, my dear Markham, permit me to add that I am delighted that you are to have this holiday. You richly deserve it. By-the-way, a good deal of amusement was caused by the rather characteristic error in the date of your formal application for leave. Were you to receive precisely the holiday that you asked for, you would have to turn back the wheels of time, for your letter was dated *last year!*

II.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

St. Jude's Rectory, Minneapolis, *May 15th.*

Dear Aunt Lucy,—We are getting on famously with our preparations for the summer. Dear Clement is full of his visit to England, and I am sure that he will have a delightful time. The bishop has given him a letter of introduction to the Bishop of London, and another to Dean Rumford, of Canterbury, so a very desirable introduction to the best clerical society is assured to him. He expects to sail from New York on the *City of Paris* June 5th, and to sail from London on the same vessel on September 4th. This will bring him back to New York in plenty of time to get home to preach on the next Sunday, the 14th. He expects to write his sermon on the voyage. It would be delightful to go with him, but this is impossible on account of the children. I have engaged board for the summer at a small but very good hotel in the White Mountains—the Outlook House, Littleton, New Hampshire—and I expect to be very comfortable there. I made a funny mistake in writing for my rooms. I directed my first letter to Littleton, *New York.* Wasn't it absurd?

Dear Clement expects to get some vestments in London, where they make them so well, you know, and he has promised to bring me from Paris—where he will spend a fortnight—two dozen pairs of gloves and six pairs of black silk stockings. Fancy my having six pairs of black silk stockings at once! I shall feel like a queen. The children are very well.

III.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

On board "City of Paris," *June 5th*—3.30 p.m.

....I staid with my brother Ronald last night, and he and Van Cortlandt came down to see me off. I barely caught the steamer, for I forgot my watch—left it on the mantel-piece in Ronald's chambers—and did not remember it until we were half-way down town. Ronald said, in his chaffing way, that I left my head somewhere when I was a boy, and that I have been going around without it ever since. I wish that he and Van Cortlandt hadn't such silly notions about my incapacity in the ordinary affairs of life—not that I really mind their nonsense, for you know how well I love them both. I am very glad that you consented to go directly to the mountains instead of coming to New York to see me off. There was a great crowd on the dock, and I much prefer to think of our tender parting....Be sure to cable me on the 15th—the day that I get to London. The address, you know, is simply, "Clement, London," and I am to arrange with my bankers to have the despatch sent to me. Good-by, my—Here is the pilot.

IV.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Cable Despatch.*]

London, *June 16th.*

Why have you not cabled?

V.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

Charing Cross Hotel, London, *June 16th.*

....After I cabled you this morning I remembered that I hadn't arranged with the bankers about my cable despatches. When I had rectified this error of omission I received your despatch of yesterday. It was a very great relief to my mind to have direct news from you, and to know of the safety and health of my loved ones, who are dearer to me....

VI.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

Charing Cross Hotel, London, *August 20th.*

....I had a delightful fortnight in Paris....I bought the gloves and the stockings—it was droll, and not quite proper, about buying the stockings. I will tell you all about it when I get home. And I also bought you Something Else that I am sure will be a pleasant surprise to you when you see it....His lordship, Dr. ——, has been kindness itself to me. I dined again at Lambeth Palace yesterday—a farewell dinner. I was a little late, I am sorry to say, for I got into the wrong boat at Westminster Bridge, but his lordship very cordially accepted my excuses. At dinner I was seated next to a very interesting man who has charge of a large parish in the east end of London. Such poverty as there is in that wretched region, and such moral depravity, are sickening to contemplate. Thank Heaven, there is nothing like it in Minneapolis....

I shall sail (D. V.) on the *City of Paris* two weeks from to-morrow. I think that the best arrangement will be for you to come down to your aunt Lucy's on the 11th, and on the 12th (D. V.) I will join you at her house in Boston, whence we will start for home that evening *viâ* the Boston and Albany. I must be in New York for a few hours to see Ronald and to make the final arrangements about the new stained-glass windows. If you prefer to meet me in New York, arrange matters with Ronald, who will meet you at the station and take you to a hotel. As I shall go directly to his office on landing, I will find out at once what you have decided to do.... On referring to your letter of the 10th I perceive that you are afraid that I may have made some mistake about the sizes of the stockings and gloves. Of course I got the right sizes; I had it written down: "No. 6¼, long fingers," and "No. 8½, narrow ankles." Don't fall into Ronald's way of fancying that I always get things wrong. It was about the narrow ankles that— But I had better wait and tell it to you when I get home. It certainly was very droll. I have bought a most satisfactory chasuble, very elegant in material and beautifully made. I should have hesitated to buy so costly a garment for myself; but this is for the Service of the Sanctuary. It will make something of a stir among the congregation, I think, the first time that I wear it in dear St. Jude's.... If, as is probable, I go down into Wales next week, this will be my last letter. My heart is full of joyful thankfulness to think that so very soon I shall see again (D. V.) my own dear Margaret, who....

VII.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

Littleton, *August 29th.*

Dear Aunt Lucy,—I have just received a long and delightful letter from dear Clement. He had a lovely time in Paris, and he has bought me the gloves and the silk stockings, and also something else; but he won't tell me what this other thing is, for he means it to be a surprise. Do you think it could *possibly* be the silk for a dress? He knows how much I want a new black silk. But I shall not think about it, for I don't want to be disappointed. He has had such delightful dinners with his lordship the Bishop of London at Lambeth Palace. His lordship was "kindness itself," Clement writes. Clement must have made a very favorable impression, of course. And Clement writes that he has bought such a love of a chasuble. It will stir up the whole congregation the first time that he wears it, I am sure.

If it is *quite* convenient to you, dear Aunt Lucy, I shall come down to you, with the nurse and the children, on the 11th. That is the day that Clement will arrive in New York, and he writes that he will come to Boston the next day—after seeing Ronald, and attending to the final arrangements about our beautiful new chancel windows—and join me at your house. But if this arrangement is the *least bit inconvenient* to you, please tell me so frankly, for I can perfectly well meet him in New York, where Ronald will take care of me till he comes—a plan that he also has arranged in case I do not go to you. Dear Clement always is so thoughtful and careful, you know. Please answer soon, so that I may know what to do. The weather is quite chilly here now. The children are brown as little berries and very well. Baby has cut another tooth.

VIII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

No. 19 Mount Vernon Place, *August 30th.*

My Dear Margaret,—I write at once because, I am very sorry to say, it will be impossible for me to have you here on the date that you name. I have just completed my arrangements for having the entire house papered and painted. All the furniture is locked up in the dining-room (that was done up, you remember, last summer), and I set out this afternoon on a round of visits that will fill up the time until September 12th, when I am promised that the work will be done. The servants are to have holidays, and the painters and paper-hangers are to be in complete possession of the premises. Could I be sure that they would keep their promises and get through by the 12th, I should urge your coming on that day, which still would be in time to meet Clement, instead of on the 11th. But you know how uncertain people of this sort are. Much as I would love to have you and Clement with me, I think that you had better follow out your second plan, and go to Ronald's care in New York.

IX.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, New York:

Littleton, *August 31st.*

Dear Ronald,—Clement had arranged, in case we could stay at Aunt Lucy's, to meet me in Boston on his return. But I have just received a letter from Aunt Lucy in which she says that her house is torn up, and that we cannot possibly come to her before the 12th. Therefore I must adopt the other plan that dear Clement, with his usual thoughtfulness, has suggested, which is to meet him in New York. He tells me to ask you to engage rooms for me in some quiet hotel, and also to ask you to meet me on my arrival with the children and nurse. I shall leave here on the morning of the 10th by the White Mountain Express (that gets in at Jersey City, I think); and if you will care for me in the way that Clement suggests, I shall be very grateful.

Clement has had a lovely time during his holiday. He has been especially favored by seeing a great deal of the higher clergy. He has dined repeatedly with the Lord Archbishop of London at Lambeth Palace, and I am sure that he must have created a very favorable impression among them, and given them a highly satisfactory idea of the clergymen of the American branch of the Anglican Church. Please answer soon, so that I may know what to do. I forgot to say that Clement expects to arrive on the 11th. He is to sail on the 4th.

X.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Cable Despatch.*]

Liverpool, *September* 3d.

Sail to-day.

XI.

Mr. Roland Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Telegram.*]

San Antonio, Texas, *September 5th.*

Here for a week on railroad business. Van Cortlandt will secure you rooms and meet you. Write him at No. — Broadway.

XII.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

Littleton, *September 5th.*

Dear Mr. Van Cortlandt,—By a telegram that I have just received from Ronald, I find that he is in Texas. I had written to him to ask him to secure rooms for me at some quiet hotel, and to meet me at Jersey City on the evening of the 10th, on the arrival of the White Mountain Express. Of course he cannot do this now, and he telegraphs me to ask you to do it all in his place. I feel that I am taking a great liberty in asking so much of you, but I really cannot help myself. I had expected to meet Clement in Boston at my aunt's, but my aunt is out of town; and now Ronald is away from New York. It is very provoking. So, you see, I can only throw myself on your mercy. But I do this with the less hesitation because I know how strong your friendship is for my dear Clement, who will be, as I will be also, very grateful to you.

I am very much puzzled by a cable despatch from Clement that came two days ago. It reads, "Sail to-day," and is dated September *third.* Clement's passage was engaged on the *City of Paris*, which I know was advertised to sail on September *fourth*, and that is the date that he all along has named for his return. Can the date of sailing have been changed? Ought I to come to New York one day earlier? Everything seems to be going wrong of late, and I am both worried and perplexed. If you can think of any comforting explanation that will account for this change, I shall be very much obliged to you. Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Van Cortlandt.

XIII.

Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt to Mrs. Clement Markham, Littleton, New Hampshire:

Law Offices of
Van Cortlandt, Howard, Warrington, & Edgecombe, Equitable Building, — Broadway.

[*Dictated.*] New York, *September 7th.*

My Dear Mrs. Markham,—Your favor of the 5th is received. I am very glad indeed that I shall have this opportunity to serve you. You must not consider yourself under any obligation at all. Remember how close Clement is to me, though our ways in life have separated widely, and how true his friendship has been to me through all these years. I am delighted that Ronald is out of town, and that I am to be permitted to serve you in his place.

I regret exceedingly that Mrs. Van Cortlandt is still in the Catskills, and that our house still remains in its condition of summer dismantlement. Were she at home, and the house in order, you would come directly to us, of course. As this cannot be, I have engaged an apartment for you with my old landlady, Mrs. Warden, No. 68 Clinton Place. For a number of years before I was married I occupied rooms in this house, and I am confident that you will be far more comfortable here than you possibly could be at any hotel. Mrs. Warden, who is a most motherly old body, and who remembers Clement well, will take the best of care of you, and I have arranged that your meals shall be sent across to you from the Brevoort.

In regard to Clement's cable despatch, I am as much puzzled as you are. One of my young men has just returned from the office of the Inman Line, and reports that the *City of Paris* sailed on her regular date, the 4th, and is due to arrive here on Wednesday next, the 11th. My young man was assured that no steamer belonging to any of the regular lines left Liverpool for this port on the 3d. The Cunard steamer *Samaria* did leave Liverpool on the 3d, however, for Boston. It is possible, of course—since your original plan seems to have been that you and Clement should meet in Boston—that he has sailed in the *Samaria.* But I do not think that this is probable. The *Samaria* is a much slower boat than the *City of Paris*, and I think that even Clement would perceive that by sailing in her he would lose time instead of gaining it. Frankly, my dear Mrs. Markham, I think that Clement simply has mixed things up in his despatch by writing "to-day" when he meant "to-morrow." Bless his dear old heart! he always did have a faculty for getting things wrong, you know. I decidedly advise you, therefore, to come down to New York on the 10th, as you have already arranged.

I observe that you speak of the White Mountain Express as coming in at Jersey City. This is a mistake. It arrives at the Forty-second Street Station. Bear this fact in mind, please; and I advise you to write on a card—which you had better have easily accessible in your pocket-book—Mrs. Warden's address, No. 68 Clinton Place. Then, should I miss you in the crowd at the station, or should any other mischance occur in regard to our meeting, you will know where to tell your driver to take you, and where to send your trunks. Do not fear that any such untoward accident will occur. It is only professional prudence that leads me to provide for every contingency that may arise. As a further precautionary measure (we lawyers are full of precautionary measures, you know), please telegraph me from Littleton on the morning that you leave.

XIV.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

Littleton, *September 9th.*

Dear Mr. Van Cortlandt,—Your very kind letter came last evening. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for all your goodness and thoughtfulness. With such explicit directions I cannot possibly go wrong. You must be right, I think, in regard to the cable despatch. Such a mistake would be just what dear Clement would be almost certain to make when in one of his absent-minded moods. I will do all the prudent things which you so thoughtfully advise, and I shall keep your letter to show to dear Clement, so that he may know how much trouble you have taken to make everything about my arrival secure. Of course the train does not come in at Jersey City. I remember about it now perfectly. I am in the thick of packing to-day, and expect to get off in the morning. But I will telegraph you before I start. I don't want to bother you with this letter at your office, so I send it to your house. I find the address in Clement's address book. Am I not considerate?

XV.

Dr. Atwood Vance to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

Tannersville, New York, *September 10th.*

Mrs. Van Cortlandt taken dangerously ill in night, and continues in critical condition. Come at once.

XVI.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, New York:

[*Telegram. Endorsed: "Not delivered. Party out of town."*]

Littleton, New Hampshire, *September 10th.*

Will arrive on White Mountain Express this evening.

XVII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 19 Mount Vernon Place, Boston:

[*Telegram. Endorsed: "Returned to sender. Unknown at this address."*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 11th.*

Arrived this morning. Will be with you, D. V., to-morrow.

XVIII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, No. 19 Mount Vernon Place, Boston:

[*Telegram. Endorsed: "Returned to sender. Addressee absent from Boston."*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 11th.*

Is Margaret with you? Please answer at once.

XIX.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Clerk, Outlook House, Littleton, New Hampshire:

[*Telegram.*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 11th.*

Is Mrs. Markham still at Outlook House? Answer prepaid.

XX.

Clerk, Outlook House, to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

Littleton, New Hampshire, *September 11th.*

Mrs. Markham left on morning train yesterday for New York.

XXI.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. John Amesbury, Minneapolis:

[*Telegram.*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 11th.*

Has Mrs. Markham returned to Minneapolis? Please answer immediately.

XXII.

Mr. John Amesbury to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

Minneapolis, *September 11th.*

Mrs. Markham has not returned. Glad you are back safe.

XXIII.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, Menger House, San Antonio, Texas:

[*Telegram.*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 11th.*
[Delivered September 12th.]

Did Margaret communicate with you in regard to her intended movements? I cannot find her and am much perturbed. Answer at once.

XXIV.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Herbert Van Cortlandt, No. — Broadway, New York:

No. 68 Clinton Place, *September 11th.*

Dear Mr. Van Cortlandt,—I was so sorry that, after all, we did miss each other in the crowd last night. But I got along very well, thanks to your forethought in telling me just what to do, though I must confess that I had five very dreadful minutes while I was looking for the card on which I had written Mrs. Warden's address. And where do you suppose I found it at last? It was in my pocket-book, just where you told me to put it. Wasn't it absurd? So then we came down here very comfortably, and found the delightful apartment that you had secured for me. As for Mrs. Warden, she is as good as gold. She even had warm milk ready for Teddy, and a delicious cup of tea for me. I never shall be able to thank you enough for all that you have done.

What arrangements have you made about bringing Clement to me? If the dear boy hasn't gone on that slow ship to Boston, and has come, as you think he has, on the *City of Paris*, he ought to arrive to-day. I should love to go down to the dock and be the very first to welcome him. But in such a crowd as there will be I ought not to venture, ought I? Please let me know by bearer just what you have done about our meeting, and when I am to expect my dear boy.

XXV.

Mr. Robert Warrington to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 68 Clinton Place, New York:

Law Offices of
Van Cortlandt, Howard, Warrington, & Edgecombe,
Equitable Building, — Broadway.
New York, *September 11th.*

Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Markham:

Dear Madam,—Replying, in the absence of Mr. Van Cortlandt, to yours of even date, I would say that Mr. Van Cortlandt was called out of town suddenly yesterday by the dangerous illness of his wife. I have no knowledge of the matter concerning which you inquire, and regret, therefore, my inability to supply the information which you ask. I may say, however, that the *City of Paris*, as I have ascertained by telephone, arrived at her dock about half an hour ago. Should you desire to telegraph Mr. Van Cortlandt, his address is the Bear and Fox Inn, Tannersville, Greene County, New York.

XXVI.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt, Bear and Fox Inn, Tannersville, Greene County, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

68 Clinton Place, New York, *September 11th.*
[Delivered September 12th.]

What arrangements did you make for letting Clement know where to find me? If he came on the *City of Paris* he is here in New York now. I am anxious. So sorry about Mrs. Van Cortlandt.

XXVII.

Mr. Ronald Markham to the Rev. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

San Antonio, Texas, *September 12th.*

Do not know Margaret's plans. Think she arranged matters with Van Cortlandt. See him.

XXVIII.

Mr. Hubert Van Cortlandt to Mrs. Clement Markham, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

Tannersville, *September 12th.*

Made no arrangements. Expected to meet Clement at dock. Sorry if I have occasioned you annoyance. You know cause of neglect. Mrs. Van Cortlandt now out of danger.

XXIX.

The Rev. Clement Markham to Mr. Ronald Markham, San Antonio, Texas:

[*Telegram.*]

Brevoort House, New York, *September 12th.*

Van Cortlandt in Catskills with sick wife. Saw his partner Edgecombe, who can tell me nothing. I have ascertained that Margaret left Littleton day before yesterday for this city. With her departure from Littleton all trace of her is lost. She has not returned to Minneapolis. I am wellnigh crazed with grief and anxiety. Advise me at once what is best to be done. Shall I advertise? Will it be well to employ the police? For Heaven's sake, answer promptly and fully!

XXX.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

[*Telegram.*]

68 Clinton Place, New York, *September 12th.*

City of Paris arrived. Mrs. Warden been to dock and got passenger list. Clement's name in it, so he certainly made mistake in his cable despatch. I state facts fully and clearly, so that you may understand why Mr. Van Cortlandt was called suddenly to see sick wife in Catskills, and so, while Clement must be here in New York, perhaps close by me, am unable to find him, and he, of course, does not in least know where to find me. There are hundreds of hotels here in New York, and he may be at all of them. I don't know what to do, and am almost frantic with anxiety. Telegraph me at once, dear Aunt Lucy, and make telegram perfectly clear, like mine, and long and full and explicit. This is no time to think about what telegraphing costs. Perhaps Clement has gone on to you, or the other ship may have got in sooner. If he is with you, implore him to return to me at once. Would it be well for me to employ the police? That was my first thought, but I was afraid that I might make his disappearance get into the newspapers and be a scandal, and that would not do for a clergyman. And he has not really disappeared; it is only that we neither of us know where we each are. My head is one horrible buzz. Shall I advertise? Had I better offer a reward? Give me your best advice, dear Aunt Lucy, and please answer immediately.

XXXI.

Mr. Ronald Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

[*Telegram.*]

San Antonio, Texas, *September 12th.*
[Delivered 13th.]

Clement is at Brevoort House, New York. By characteristic blunder has missed Margaret. If you know her address, please telegraph him.

XXXII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mr. Roland Markham, New York (forwarded to San Antonio, Texas):

[*Telegram.*]

Boston, *September 12th.*
[Delivered 13th.]

Margaret is at No. 68 Clinton Place, in great distress because Clement does not come to her. What foolishness has overtaken these innocents now? Please set them right.

XXXIII.

Mrs. Winthrop Tremont to Mrs. Clement Markham, No. 68 Clinton Place, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

Boston, *September 13th.*

Clement is at the Brevoort House, quite close by you.

XXXIV.

Mr. Ronald Markham to the Rev. Clement Markham, Brevoort House, New York:

[*Telegram.*]

San Antonio, Texas, *September 13th.*

You will find Margaret at No. 68 Clinton Place, directly across the street from your hotel.

XXXV.

Mrs. Clement Markham to Mrs. Winthrop Tremont, Boston:

St. Jude's Rectory, Minneapolis, *September 23d.*

Dear Aunt Lucy,—We left New York early last Monday, and by Tuesday night we were once more safe and together here in our own dear home. We had no micadventures on our journey, except that we nearly missed our connection at Syracuse (where we left the parlor car for the sleeper) by getting on the wrong train. Fortunately dear Clement found out his mistake just in time.

I had not the energy to do more than telegraph you from New York that all our troubles were ended. I was too much upset by the agony that I had been through to write. It was a very dreadful two days, dear Aunt Lucy; the most dreadful—especially that second day and the last night—that I have ever known. And dear Clement suffered even more than I did, for I knew at least that he was alive, and he knew absolutely nothing about me at all. It all seems now like a horrible dream, and when I shut my eyes and think about it, I turn giddy and feel sick and faint. You cannot possibly imagine, dear Aunt Lucy, how utterly, utterly dreadful it all was!

If it had not been so very dreadful, it would have been a little absurd, I think; for, you know, all the while that we were in such terrible distress about being unable to find each other, we actually could have opened our windows and talked to each other just across the street! As I found out, when at last dear Clement came to me, his room in the Brevoort House was directly opposite my apartment at No. 68 Clinton Place. Was it not strange? And what was still stranger, dear Aunt Lucy, was that the very morning that our agony ended I happened to look across the street, and there, hanging beside an open window of the hotel, I saw a lovely chasuble that I knew must belong to some clergyman, and it made me think of the chasuble that Clement had written he had bought in London—and it really was that very chasuble, you know, for Clement had hung it there to get the creases out of it—and seeing it set me into a perfect agony of grief, for I thought that I never was to see my dear husband again, and that my children were fatherless, and that I was a widow, and that there was nothing left for me in the world but the blackest despair. And it was while I was crying my very heart out that there was a knock at the door, and then, in a single instant, all my sorrow was ended as I found myself once more in dear Clement's arms.

Yesterday dear Clement preached a beautiful sermon about man's liability to error, and the mysterious ways through which human error providentially is set right. It was a very impressive sermon. In the service he wore his new chasuble. It is exceedingly becoming. Everybody was very much moved by the sermon; and I was moved, of course, most of all. I could not help crying. Dear Clement's voice trembled once or twice, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. The gloves are perfect, and the stockings really are too good to be true. They are openwork over the ankles, and three of the six pairs are ribbed. I wish that I could tell you what a queer time dear Clement had when he was buying them. He bought them in a French shop in Paris, you know; and when he asked for stockings with narrow ankles, the young woman who was waiting on him— But it will be better to wait until I can tell it to you. It was very funny. And the very best of all, dear Aunt Lucy, is that the surprise that Clement would not write to me about *is* the silk for a new black silk dress! It is a lovely quality. I do wish that you could have heard Clement's beautiful sermon yesterday, and that you could have seen how handsome he looked in his new chasuble. The weather to-day is very warm. The children are wonderfully well.

Thomas A. Janvier.

SOME WESTERN SUMMER RESORTS.

Fox Lake, Illinois, is one of those rarely beautiful bodies of water in which the West abounds. It is about three miles in length, and has an irregularity of form that gives it an average width of about a mile and a half. It lies fifty miles north of Chicago, on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railway. On the opposite side of the lake from the spot selected for the artist's standpoint are the beds of the wonderful aquatic plant the lotus, or water-chinquapin—*Nelumbeum luteum*—that so closely resembles the lotus of Egypt as to be mistaken by some for the veritable flower. There are few places in the world where the soil permits the rooting of the flower that loaded the air of the ancient world with such fragrance that the people called it the breathing of a divinity, and bowed the knee in worship.

The various groupings marking favorite localities in that famous resort of tourists, and very properly called the "Saratoga of the West," will be recognized by many. The city of Waukesha is most charmingly located in a region of hills and lakes, ninety miles from Chicago, on the line of the Wisconsin Central, and eighteen miles west from the Cream City of the West—Milwaukee. Its sumptuous hotels, numerous churches, and other accommodations for the convenience of the thousands who flock to it annually, attest the advantages of its location. Such is the superiority of its position that were the beauties of nature its only attractions, it would command the admiration of every visitor, and occupy a high place among the summer resorts of the Northwest. The charms of a richly diversified landscape are among the least of its numerous claims on popular regard. The wonderfully salubrious climate and the invaluable medicinal properties of the waters of its various mineral springs constitute a still higher claim upon public favor. The fame of the virtues of the healing waters is world-wide. Shipments are constantly made, not only to every part of the United States, but to every part of the rest of America, both North and South, and to nearly every country in Europe, and to India, Australia, and China. The efficacy of the waters in the relief of many physical ailments is attested not only by thousands who have been benefited by them, but acknowledged by the medical faculty wherever the waters have been used. As a result the Waukesha waters are placed on a level with the most famous mineral waters in the world.

Subjected to chemical analysis, the waters from the various springs are found to be largely impregnated with the bicarbonates of magnesia and lime. No two, however, of the whole fifteen or twenty springs are identical in their chemical composition, and their curative properties vary accordingly.

Lake Winnebago, or, as the Algonquins called the tribes living on its shores, the Wennibegouk, is a beautiful sheet of water thirty miles in length by ten in width, giving an area of nearly three hundred square miles. This beautiful body of water, the largest lying within the borders of the State of Wisconsin, is bounded on the north by the cities of Neenah and Menasha, on the west by the city of Oshkosh, on the south by the city of Fond du Lac, and on the east by the remnants of Indian tribes and farmers. Boating, sailing, fishing, rambling in the wooded aisles of nature's magnificent growth, steaming up the turbid Wolf or historic Fox, or trouting in the lesser streams, bring life and health and happiness to the seeker.

Charles Rollin Brainard.

CAVALRY MARCHES.

Owing to the peculiar nature of the service demanded of the cavalry force of our army—service for the greater part in a new and unsettled country, and against the most wily and expert of savage enemies—the experience gained in the moving of mounted troops has been of such a varied nature that probably no other army can boast of superiority over our troopers in this respect, and the proper conduct of the marches of cavalry commands requires experience and judgment, intelligence, activity, and endurance of a peculiar nature on the part of both officers and men. Ordinary marches are generally made at the rate of about twenty to twenty-five miles a day, this being accomplished in from five to six hours, although there are times when the day's journey may be shorter or longer, owing to the distance from one another of desirable camping-places, the importance of good grazing and sweet water for the horses being evident. The start from the previous night's camp is usually made between six and seven o'clock, although in some of the hotter parts of the country an earlier time of day is considered advisable by many cavalrymen, and the first halt is made after the column has been an hour or so on the road. This is generally the longest halt of the day, when saddles are adjusted, and the horses allowed to rest and graze for a few moments. Once every hour after that a short pause of about five minutes, the men invariably dismounting, is made. The gait is, as far as the writer's experience goes, habitually a rapid walk, although General Merritt recommends a trot for ten or fifteen minutes after each halt, when practicable, which appears to be the custom in most of the European services. In a country where the near presence of an enemy is known or suspected marches are conducted with great caution, and every precaution taken by careful soldiers to guard against surprise. Advance guards and flankers are thrown out in the front and on the sides of the column, and every ravine, coulée, or cañon, every rock and bush, or group of trees large enough to conceal a lurking foe, is carefully examined. It is while making a forced march, when perhaps the safety of some little community of settlers or detachment of comrades, cut off and surrounded by savage foes, depends upon the speedy arrival of the relieving column, that the training, the pluck, the perseverance, and endurance of the American cavalry are shown to the greatest advantage.

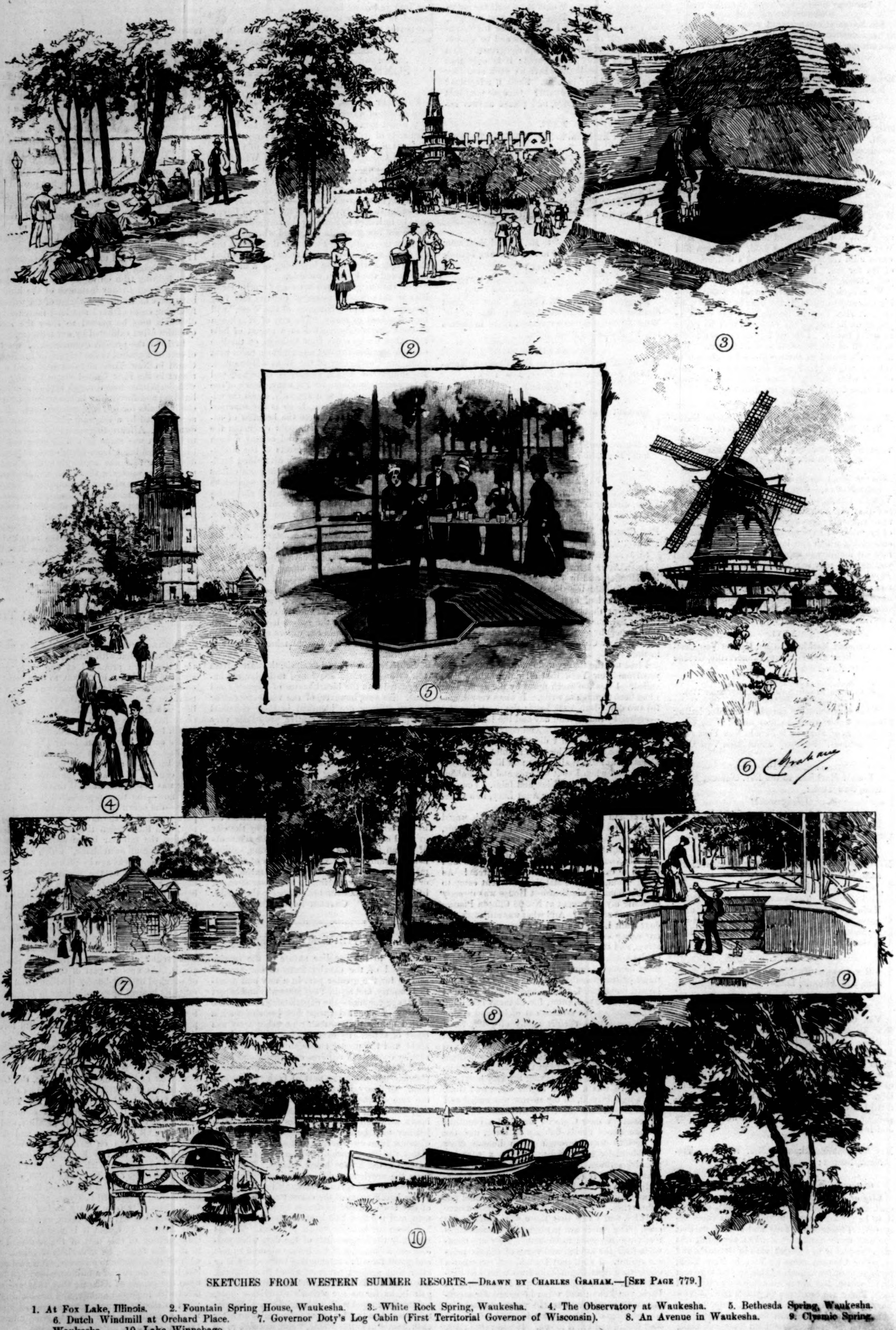
In the rapidity with which such marches have been made, the distances that have been traversed, the rough and inhospitable country—often swarming with savage foes—over which the journeys have been accomplished, it has proved itself the equal, if not the superior, to any troops of the kind in the civilized world. A column of the Fifth Cavalry, under the command of General Wesly Merritt, marching to the relief of Thornburgh's brave fellows in the Ute campaign of 1879, made one hundred and seventy miles from 11 A.M. October 2d to 5.30 A.M. on October 5th, without losing or disabling a horse, and was in good fighting trim on its arrival at its objective point. Among many instances of the kind that have come under the knowledge of the writer, the following cases of hard and long marches by individuals may be quoted to show the sterling qualities often exhibited by our troopers.

In 1870 the present commander of the troop of cavalry attached to the brigade of the National Guard in New York city—at that time a lieutenant in the First United States Cavalry—rode with despatches over a rough broken country one hundred and forty miles in twenty-two hours, including halts for rest and refreshment. He was accompanied by a sergeant and one man of his own troop. After resting one day, the journey back to his post was made in a little over two days, the marches being from fifty-five to sixty miles a day. This feat was accomplished without any preparation whatever, the officer and his men being ordered out without any warning. Ten years afterward Lieutenant Robertson, of the same regiment, with Sergeants Lynch and Price, rode one hundred and two miles in pursuit of a deserter, through snow and ice, between 10 o'clock one night and 9.30 the next. On the next day they started on their return journey from Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, to Fort Lapway, Idaho, which was reached in two days.

ATLANTIC CITY AFTER THE STORM.

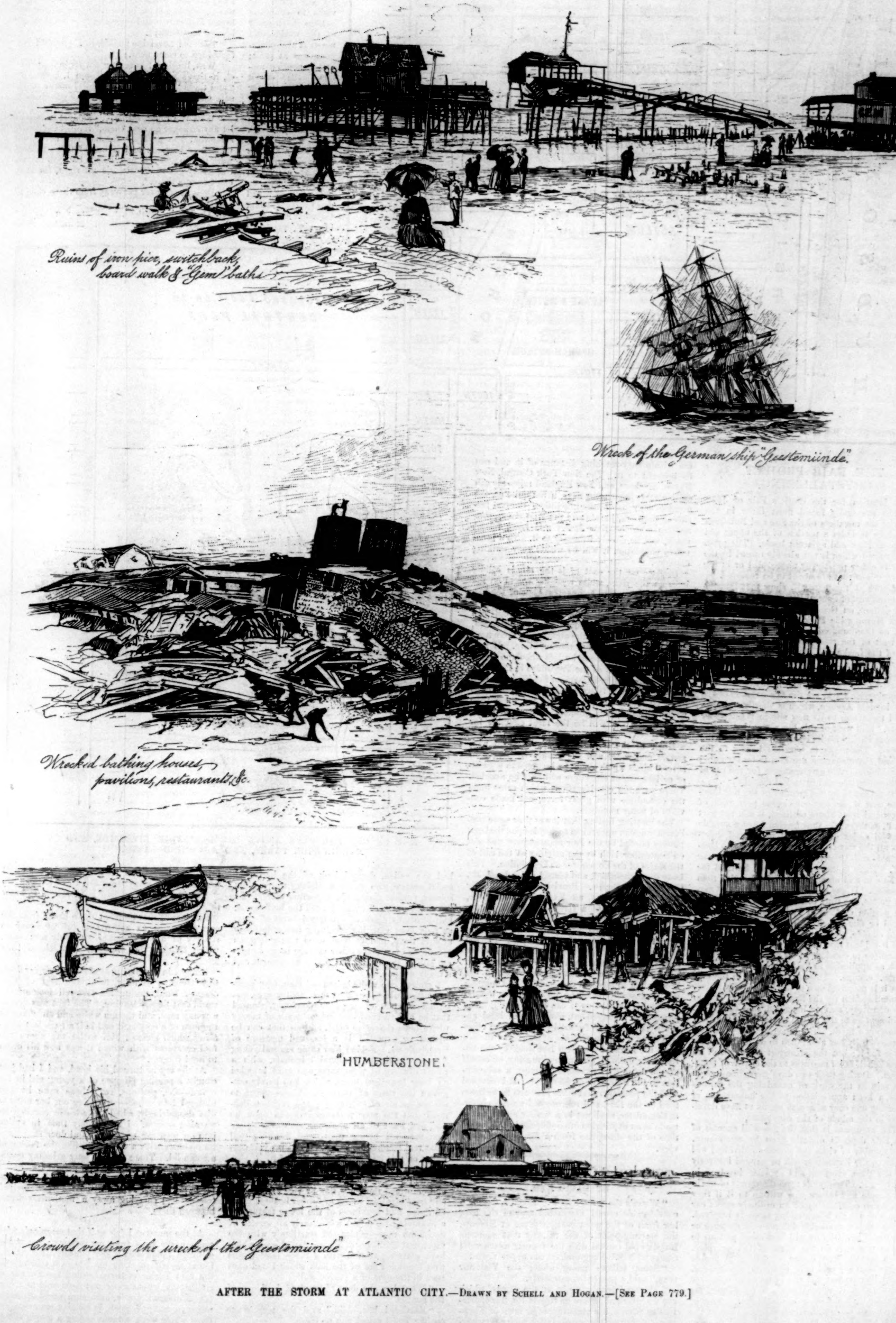
Nowhere was the force of the late unprecedented storm felt with such violence as at Atlantic City, which promised at one time, with its summer population of 20,000, to be a repetition, on a larger scale, of the Johnstown disaster; and nowhere are the effects of this violence more visible, now that the storm has departed, and life there has returned into its every-day channels. It will be remembered that Atlantic City was for a time cut off from the main-land by the flooding of the six miles of meadows which stretch far back behind it, and even so late as last Sunday only one line of railway of the three usually running was in operation across this space. At low tide now—the time represented in our illustrations—the ocean front presents the look of a seaport pounded by the fire of artillery. The iron pier, with the wooden theatre erected at its extremity, the familiar board walk and toboggan slide, or "ocean switchback," which were thronged but a few weeks ago by thousands of pleasure-seekers, as well as the popular "Gem" bath-houses, with their verandas and balconies, stand, barely recognizable ruins, as a reminder of the tremendous force of the tide which rushed over them during that memorable storm. The pleasant quarter known under the name of Humberstone, with its many picturesque if frail structures, stands out in dreary desolation against a background of demolished trees and shattered abatis. At another part of the beach the ruins of wrecked bathing-houses, pavilions, and restaurants lie heaped upon each other in hideous confusion; and everywhere along the shore massive timbers, shattered sheds and piers, and ragged piles and fences testify to the dreadful force of the ocean's onset.

But perhaps the greatest attraction at present for the hundreds of visitors from Philadelphia and elsewhere is that part of the beach where the wreck of the large German ship, the *Geestemünde*, stands in striking relief against the dead level of devastated strand around it. This vessel, fortunately for its crew, went ashore most conveniently near the life-saving station, and the crew were all rescued by the prompt and skilful efforts of the men on guard. The wreck lies nearly opposite the new Excursion House hotel, which is at present driving a splendid business with its throngs of visitors, and which, owing to its high position on the beach, and the thorough overhauling it received last year, enjoyed an enviable immunity from injury during the storm. Huge breaches have been made along the coast near Atlantic City, and it is probable that the configuration of this part of the seaboard will, in the near future, be materially changed. But with all the disaster to property, estimated at not less than a quarter of a million, which has fallen upon the people of Atlantic City, they are again filled with hope and energy, and are looking forward to more secure structures, erected along a more scientific ocean frontier, to greatly increase their business during the next season.



SKETCHES FROM WESTERN SUMMER RESORTS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

1. At Fox Lake, Illinois. 2. Fountain Spring House, Waukesha. 3. White Rock Spring, Waukesha. 4. The Observatory at Waukesha. 5. Bethesda Spring, Waukesha. 6. Dutch Windmill at Orchard Place. 7. Governor Doty's Log Cabin (First Territorial Governor of Wisconsin). 8. An Avenue in Waukesha. 9. Clysmic Spring, Waukesha. 10. Lake Winnebago.



Ruins of iron pier, switchback, board walk & "Gem" baths

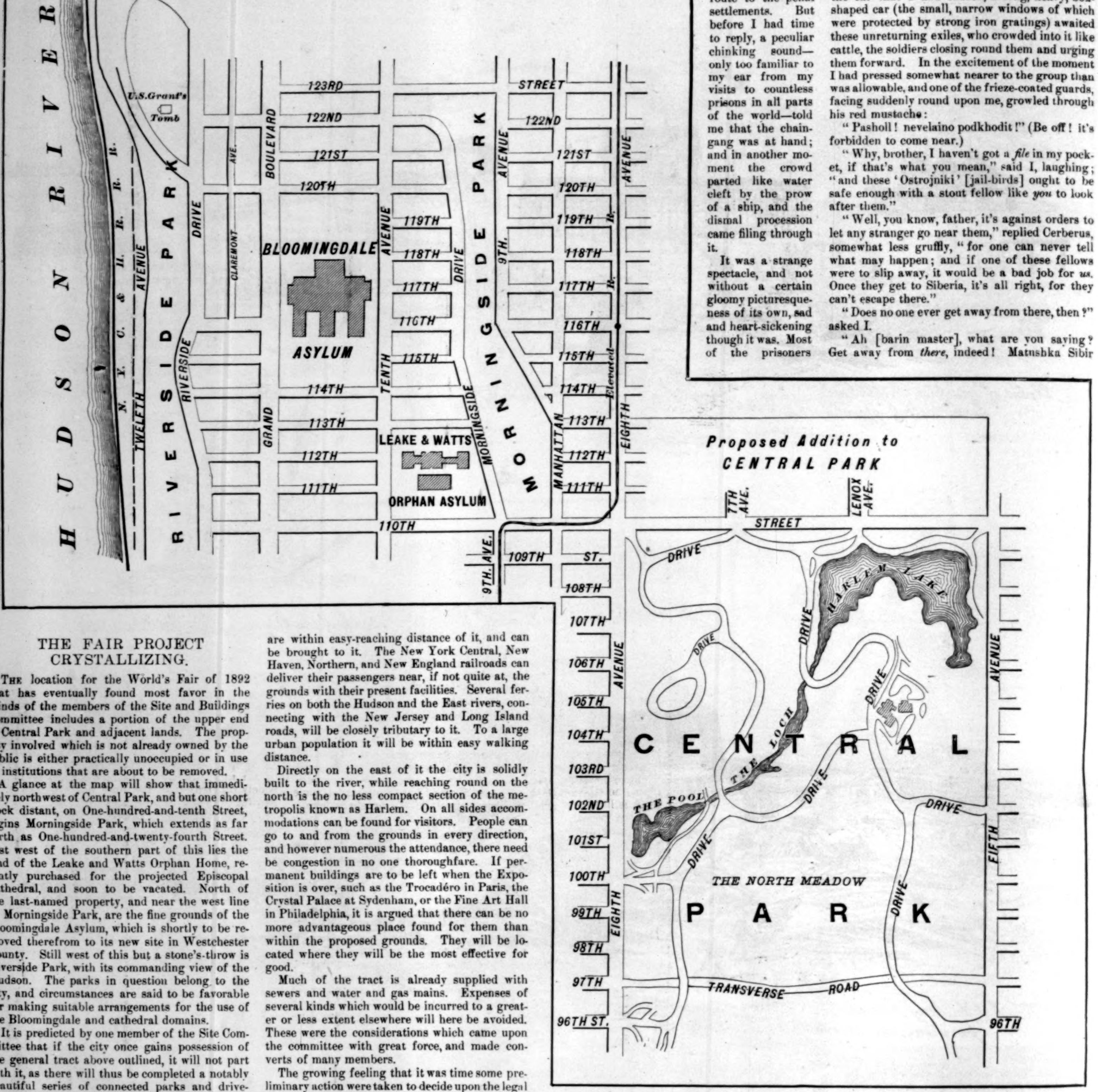
Wreck of the German ship "Geestemünde"

Wrecked bathing houses, pavilions, restaurants, &c.

"HUMBERSTONE."

Crowds visiting the wreck of the "Geestemünde"

AFTER THE STORM AT ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 779.]



MAP OF CENTRAL PARK ABOVE THE RESERVOIR, RIVERSIDE, AND MORNINGSIDE PARKS, AND ADJOINING LANDS.

THE FAIR PROJECT CRYSTALLIZING.

THE location for the World's Fair of 1892 that has eventually found most favor in the minds of the members of the Site and Buildings Committee includes a portion of the upper end of Central Park and adjacent lands. The property involved which is not already owned by the public is either practically unoccupied or in use by institutions that are about to be removed.

A glance at the map will show that immediately northwest of Central Park, and but one short block distant, on One-hundred-and-tenth Street, begins Morningside Park, which extends as far north as One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth Street. Just west of the southern part of this lies the land of the Leake and Watts Orphan Home, recently purchased for the projected Episcopal Cathedral, and soon to be vacated. North of the last-named property, and near the west line of Morningside Park, are the fine grounds of the Bloomingdale Asylum, which is shortly to be removed therefrom to its new site in Westchester County. Still west of this but a stone's-throw is Riverside Park, with its commanding view of the Hudson. The parks in question belong to the city, and circumstances are said to be favorable for making suitable arrangements for the use of the Bloomingdale and cathedral domains.

It is predicted by one member of the Site Committee that if the city once gains possession of the general tract above outlined, it will not part with it, as there will thus be completed a notably beautiful series of connected parks and driveways all the way from Fifty-ninth Street to One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth Street on the river bluff. There is more land that can be used for the Fair in and about the described region than is needed. If any special difficulty arises at certain points, the tract can be shaped accordingly. The portion of Central Park taken may be enlarged or diminished with reference to that secured outside, and *vice versa.*

It is evident that the early indisposition of the committee to consider at all any part of Central Park as applicable to Fair uses has undergone a marked change. This is due in part to the fact that it is proposed now to use but a comparatively small section for the Exposition, and in part to the discovery, real or imagined, that the public sentiment as to the sacred character of the Park is largely a myth. The topographical character of the locality has also much to do with securing favor for it; but the strongest argument of all in its behalf is its nearness to the centre of population. During their two days' peregrinations in the rain in the work of examining the various sites, a keen appreciation of the importance of selecting one easy of access seems to have developed in the minds of the committee.

The argument is that the financial success of the Fair depends directly upon its attendance. The number of visits the average individual will make to the Exposition will be gauged inversely by the time, exertion, and expense involved in reaching it. Thousands upon thousands of working-people and others who will go to it if they can do so comfortably by an ordinary street car line, will not go if something more is involved. But a small unfavorable difference in distance or degree of accessibility will lead many persons to make one visit do the work of two or more. In a metropolitan centre of 3,000,000 people these facts are held to be of special significance.

In this respect the site in question possesses advantages, it appears to the committee, far greater than any other available spot. Most of the north and south street railroad lines of the city, the elevated roads included, lead to it, or are within easy-reaching distance of it, and can be brought to it. The New York Central, New Haven, Northern, and New England railroads can deliver their passengers near, if not quite at, the grounds with their present facilities. Several ferries on both the Hudson and the East rivers, connecting with the New Jersey and Long Island roads, will be closely tributary to it. To a large urban population it will be within easy walking distance.

Directly on the east of it the city is solidly built to the river, while reaching round on the north is the no less compact section of the metropolis known as Harlem. On all sides accommodations can be found for visitors. People can go to and from the grounds in every direction, and however numerous the attendance, there need be congestion in no one thoroughfare. If permanent buildings are to be left when the Exposition is over, such as the Trocadéro in Paris, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, or the Fine Art Hall in Philadelphia, it is argued that there can be no more advantageous place found for them than within the proposed grounds. They will be located where they will be the most effective for good.

Much of the tract is already supplied with sewers and water and gas mains. Expenses of several kinds which would be incurred to a greater or less extent elsewhere will here be avoided. These were the considerations which came upon the committee with great force, and made converts of many members.

The growing feeling that it was time some preliminary action were taken to decide upon the legal powers needed by the Fair management was met on September 19th by the meeting at the call of the Mayor of the Committee on Legislation. This body then organized, and placed at its head Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Provision was made for the appointment of an Executive Committee, who will soon have a form of an act of incorporation to offer, and outlines of what shall be asked from the State, national, and municipal governments. With respect to the condemnation of property and several other things, the present Park law opens the way. The Committee on Permanent Organization has been called to meet on October 8th, and matters will be generally in shape, no doubt, for legislative action as soon as it can be procured. The permanent management, clothed with legal authority, can then go forward with sure and effective steps. A powerful ray of light was thrown upon the financial problem last week by the letter of Mr. John H. Starin guaranteeing, on behalf of the domestic steam-boat interest, a subscription to the Fair fund of $500,000. It is coupled with the provision that other interests to be benefited by the Fair, and represented on the General Committee, shall act in a similar spirit, and is made as an expression of confidence in the soundness of the enterprise from a business point of view.

TWO RUSSIAN CHAIN-GANGS.

BY DAVID KER.

"WHAT'S the matter here?" asked I, finding a considerable crowd assembled around the long low front of the great eastern depot at Moscow, the starting-point of the railway that connects Russia's old capital with the famous commercial centre of Nijnii-Novgorod, on the upper Volga.

"Some fellows going along the Vladimir road," said a passer-by, carelessly.

I shivered involuntarily at the words, which are a proverbial phrase in Russia for transportation to Siberia, the manufacturing town of Vladimir standing on the great eastern highway, which is the most direct route to the penal settlements. But before I had time to reply, a peculiar chinking sound—only too familiar to my ear from my visits to countless prisons in all parts of the world—told me that the chain-gang was at hand; and in another moment the crowd parted like water cleft by the prow of a ship, and the dismal procession came filing through it.

It was a strange spectacle, and not without a certain gloomy picturesqueness of its own, sad and heart-sickening though it was. Most of the prisoners had the sullen, dogged look of the hardened social outlaw, who wages a lifelong war against society, neither giving nor expecting mercy. In the sunken eyes of others lurked the half-cowed, half-ferocious glare of a trapped beast of prey, as they kept glancing stealthily but ceaselessly around them, plainly bent upon attempting an escape, or upon some other venture more desperate still, if they could but find a fit moment and a ready weapon.

I noticed one white-haired old man, very poorly dressed, whose haggard face, hollow eyes, and bowed attitude of utter despondency, showed that he had reached that lowest depth of misery where hope ceases to exist, and all that can be wished or expected is a lessened measure of wretchedness. Behind him came several young lads—evidently professional criminals, with a whole lifetime of viciousness and guilt branded on their beardless faces, which had barely outgrown the years of boyhood. These strove to assume an air of swaggering and reckless defiance; but the poor pretence imposed upon no one, and least of all upon the stalwart soldiers that marched beside them, who, knowing well what real courage is, looked down with just contempt on this miserable affectation of it.

Almost at the end of the gloomy file came the figure of a woman, still young, whose face, wasted and deformed though it was by vice and misery, still bore manifest traces of former beauty. The hardness and heaviness of the lower features—a characteristic defect with nearly all women of Slavonian race—contrasted startlingly with the unnatural brilliancy of her wonderful eyes, which kept glancing around with a fierce restlessness that reminded me of the look which I had once seen in the eyes of a snared wolf.

"What has she done?" inquired I, of one of the guards.

"Murdered her child," said the man, quite coolly; and I asked him no more.

In the very centre of the train, a little behind the car that I had chosen, a long, heavy, box-shaped car (the small, narrow windows of which were protected by strong iron gratings) awaited these unreturning exiles, who crowded into it like cattle, the soldiers closing round them and urging them forward. In the excitement of the moment I had pressed somewhat nearer to the group than was allowable, and one of the frieze-coated guards, facing suddenly round upon me, growled through his red mustache:

"Pasholl! nevelaino podkhodit!" (Be off! it's forbidden to come near.)

"Why, brother, I haven't got a *file* in my pocket, if that's what you mean," said I, laughing; "and these 'Ostrojniki' [jail-birds] ought to be safe enough with a stout fellow like *you* to look after them."

"Well, you know, father, it's against orders to let any stranger go near them," replied Cerberus, somewhat less gruffly, "for one can never tell what may happen; and if one of these fellows were to slip away, it would be a bad job for *us*. Once they get to Siberia, it's all right, for they can't escape there."

"Does no one ever get away from there, then?" asked I.

"Ah [barin master], what are you saying? Get away from *there*, indeed! Matushka Sibir [Mother Siberia] is a regular step-mother to all who try to run away from *her*, I can tell you."

And in after-days I had good reason to know that he was right.

But just at that moment there broke from the crowd a voice as sharp and full of agony as the cry of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened, "Ach, Meesha; moi Meesha!" (Oh, Michael! my Michael!)

Framed in the darkness of the prison-car doorway stood a solitary form, the last of that doomed band, taking his farewell look of the world that he was leaving. The face was that of a young man, and though white and shrunken as the face of a corpse, it had in it a nameless *something* which showed him to be far above the foul creatures with whom it was now his doom to herd forever.

At the cry he turned his head, and I had just caught a passing glimpse of a young girl in the crowd—she, perhaps, for whose sake he had plunged into crime—stretching out her arms to him despairingly, when the whistle sounded its warning scream. I had barely time to spring into my own car when the fatal door shut upon its prisoner with a dull thud, like the falling of a coffin lid. There came a long grinding creak, and off went the train and its dismal freight. I looked out; the girl was gone, but I could see far in the distance two gray-coated "gorodoviye" (constables) carrying away a motionless figure between them.

At the moment I felt as if that morning's work could never pass from my memory; but it had wellnigh faded only a few months later, when I found myself carrying my life in my hand over the wild Tartar steppes, beyond the bounds of civilization, where one remembers only as a dim, far-off dream the safe, humdrum world of hotels, railways, and policemen, in which a man may live for a whole week without seeing a single village burned or a single family murdered, and may actually go to bed without any fear of being awakened by a spear through his heart. But it was fated that the ghastly scene should be suddenly recalled to my mind in a very startling fashion.

I had worked my way slowly and wearily along the winding course of the Syr-Daria (Jaxartes), and was struggling across the dreary skeleton-strewn waste that lies between the head waters of the famous river and the southern border line of Siberia, when, one breezeless, stifling day of true Central Asian quality, as my Tartar guide and I were crouching under our little Turkoman wagon for shelter from the merciless sun (for not a tree nor even a bush was to be found on that bare, burning soil), I suddenly espied, far to the south, a group of shadowy figures—whether men or beasts I could not yet tell—moving slowly toward us.

Were they the phantoms of a mirage, such as I had often seen already? No; they were too real for that; and besides, instead of melting and vanishing as they neared us, they kept growing larger and more distinct. I unstrapped my revolver, and my Tartar felt the edge of his *khanjar* (dagger) with a business-like air, for in this wild region every stranger is a foe, and I could now make out through my spy-glass the glitter of spear heads and the figures of horsemen in high black sheepskin caps, which at once suggested a raiding party of the "Black Uzbegs," the fiercest marauders in all Central Asia. True, we were rather far north for *them*, but, as their own proverb says, "the vulture will fly far when he scents prey."

Slowly the clump of dark forms moved on over the hot brassy yellow of the eternal desert, nearer and nearer still, till I could see that, of the ten men, six were on foot, and moving with a shuffling, clumsy gait, which told me the truth at once—a truth sadly confirmed by the faint clanking that came to our ears just then through the dead silence.

"Another chain-gang," thought I. "A pretty place for men to cross on foot, and fettered into the bargain!"

As they approached, the leader of the four horsemen (whom we now saw to be in the uniform of the Russian irregular cavalry) rode forward with the usual challenge, "Is it peace?" and lowered his lance point as I replied, "It *is* peace," and replaced my revolver.

To any one as familiar as myself with the famous "Don Cossacks," this man's gaunt, sinewy frame, prominent features, coarse dark hair, and small, keen, restless eyes were signs not to be mistaken, and I at once saluted him in his native dialect with the ancient Cossack greeting that I had learned at their camp fires long before.

It was the key to Ostap Kostenko's heart. His stolid face brightened into a jovial grin, and his strong brown hand grasped mine with a force that made every joint crackle.

"Welcome, batko" (the Cossack word for "father")! "Well met! I see you have lived among *us* in your time."

"You are right, my lad; I ought to know by this time what a Cossack *khootor* [farm-house] looks like, and how *tvorojka* [curd-cake] tastes. But what have these prisoners of yours been doing?"

"*Kto znaët?*" (who knows?) said the Cossack, carelessly. "We've got orders to take them to Semipolatinsk" (a large town in southern Siberia), "and that's all I know about it."

I looked at the prisoners. All six had an air of hopeless, spiritless apathy that might well make any man's heart ache; and their worn, hollow faces, grimed with dust, black with flies, and haggard from thirst and exhaustion, looked hardly human. In truth they might well be worn out, for although the chains that linked their ankles together were not very heavy, yet the labor of dragging them through that hot, prickly, ankle-deep sand (which rose up in stifling clouds at every step) must have been frightful.

"Hark ye, brother," said I, "your own proverb says that 'God will show mercy to the merciful,' and if these fellows *are* prisoners, that's no reason why they should die of thirst. It won't hurt you to halt for a minute or two while I give them a few slices of watermelon to refresh them; and you and your comrades can have some too."

The Cossack readily assented; for though he would have died rather than own such a weakness, the heat and dust of this terrific march were beginning to tell even upon *him*. In a few moments more he and his men were snugly seated in the shade of the wagon, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of the cool, fresh pulp with hoarse grunts of pleasure.

But *their* enjoyment fell far short of that of the prisoners, who sucked in the life-giving refreshment (which was both food and drink to them) with a frightful eagerness that showed how long and how cruelly they must have suffered. They gave me no thanks in words, nor indeed did I desire any, for any good wish would have sounded like a hideous mockery from the lips of men over whose whole future life brooded "the blackness of darkness forever"; but the look of relief in their sunken eyes as they turned away to resume their weary journey was of itself an ample reward.

THE DRAMATIZATION OF NOVELS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

FEW literary tasks seem easier of accomplishment than the making of a good play out of a good novel. The playwright has ready to his hand a story, a sequence of situations, a group of characters artfully contrasted, the suggestion of the requisite scenery, and occasional passages of appropriate conversation. What more is needed than a few sheets of paper and a pair of scissors, a pen and a little plodding patience? The pecuniary reward is abundant; apparently the feat is temptingly facile; and every year we see many writers succumb to the temptation. But if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster.

The reason of this is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fundamental difference between the art of the drama and the art of prose fiction—a difference which the adapter has generally ignored or been ignorant of. Perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that the methods of the novelist and of the dramatist are as unlike as the methods of the painter and of the sculptor. The difference between the play and the novel is at bottom the difference between a precise and rigid form and a form of almost unlimited range and flexibility. The drama has laws as unbending as those of the sonnet, while the novel may extend itself to the full license of an epic. It is hardly too much to say that nowadays the novelist has complete freedom in choice of subject and in method of treatment. He may be concise or he may be prolix. He may lay the scene of his story in a desert, and find his effect in the slow analysis of a single human soul in awful solitude, or he may create a regiment of characters which shall perform intricate evolutions and move in serried ranks through the crowded streets of a busy city. He may riot in the great phenomena of nature, forcing the tornado, the gale at sea, the plunge of a cataract, the purple sunset after a midsummer storm, to create his catastrophe or to typify some mood of his hero. He may be a persistent pessimist, believing that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, and painting his fellow-man in harsh black and white, with a most moderate use of the white. He may be a philosopher, using a thin veil of fiction as a transparent mask for the exposition of his system of life. He may adopt the novel as a platform or as a pulpit; he may use it as a means, or he may accept it as an end; he may do with it what he will; and if he be a man to whom the world wishes to listen, or a man who has really something to say, he gains a hearing.

In contrast with the license of the novelist the limitations of the dramatist were never more distinct than they are to-day. As the playwright appeals to the play-goer, he is confined to those subjects in which the broad public can be interested and to the treatment which the broad public will accept. While the writer of romance may condense his work into a short story of a column or two or expand it to a stout tome of a thousand pages, the writer for the stage has no such choice; his work must be bulky enough to last from half past eight to half past ten at the shortest, or at the longest from eight to eleven. In the present condition of the theatre in Great Britain and the United States there is little or no demand for the comedietta or for the two-act comedy; a play must be long enough and strong enough to furnish forth the whole evening's entertainment. The dramatist may divide his piece into three or four or five acts, as he may prefer, but except for some good and sufficient reason there must be but a single scene to each act. The characters must be so many in number that no one shall seem unduly obtrusive; they must be sharply contrasted; most of them must be sympathetic to the spectators, for the audience in a theatre, however pessimistic it may be individually, is always optimistic as a whole. There must be an infusion of humor at recurrent intervals, and a slowly increasing intensity of emotional stress. In short, the fetters of the dramatist are as obvious as the freedom of the novelist.

Perhaps the chief disadvantage under which the dramatist labors is that it is almost impossible for him to show adequately the contrasting and wellnigh imperceptible disintegration of character under the attrition of recurring circumstance. Time and space are both beyond the control of the maker of plays, while the story-teller may take his hero by slow stages to the world's end. The drama has but five acts at most, and the theatre is but a few yards wide. Description is scarcely permissible in a play, and it may be the most beautiful and valuable part of a novel. Comment by the author is absolutely impossible on the stage, and there are many who love certain novels—Thackeray's, for example—chiefly because they feel therein the personal presence of the author. It is at once the merit and the difficulty of dramatic art that the characters must reveal themselves; they must be illuminated from within, not from without; they must speak for themselves in unmistakable terms, and the author cannot dissect them for us, or lay bare their innermost thoughts with his pen as with a scalpel. The drama must needs be synthetic, while now the novel, more often than not, is analytic. The vocabulary of the playwright must be clear, succinct, precise, and picturesque, while that of the novelist may be archaic, fantastic, subtle, or allusive. Simplicity and directness are the ear-marks of a good play; but we all know good novels which are complex, involute, tortuous. A French critic has declared that the laws of the drama are Logic and Movement, by which he means that in a good play the subject, clearly exposed at first, moves forward by regular steps, artfully prepared, straight to its inevitable end.

A mere sequence of *tableaux vivants*, even if it include the characters and present the situations of a successful tale, is not necessarily a successful play, and certainly it is not a good play. It it is easy enough to scissor a panorama of scenes from a story, but to make over the story itself into a play is not so easy. To get a true play out of a novel, the dramatist must translate the essential idea from the terms of narrative into the terms of the drama. He must disengage the fundamental subject from the accidental incidents with which the novelist has presented it. He must strip it to the skeleton, and then he must clothe these bare bones with new flesh and fresh muscle, in accordance with the needs of the theatre. He must disentangle the primary action, and set this on the stage clearly and simply. To do this it may be necessary to modify characters, to alter the sequence of scenes, to simplify motives, to condense, to clarify, to heighten. The more famous the novel—one might almost say the better the novel—the less likely is it to make a good play, because there is then a greater difficulty in disengaging the main theme from its subsidiary developments; and even when the playwright understands his trade, and realizes the gulf which yawns between the novel and the drama, the temptation to retain this fine scene of the story, or that delicately drawn character, or the other striking episode, is often too strong to be overcome, though he knows full well that these things are alien to the real play, as it ought to be. The playwright is conscious that the play-goers may look for these unessential scenes and characters and episodes, and he yields despite his judgment. Then in the end the play becomes a mere series of magic-lantern slides to illustrate the book; the real and the essential disappear behind the accidental and incidental, and the spectator cannot see the forest for the trees.

The finer the novel, the more delicate and delightful its workmanship, the more subtle its psychology, the greater is the difficulty in dramatizing it, and the greater the ensuing disappointment. The frequent attempts to turn into a play *Vanity Fair* and the *Scarlet Letter* were all doomed to the certainty of failure, because the development of the central character and the leading motives, as we see them in the pages of the novelist, are not those by which they would best be revealed before the foot-lights. A true dramatist might treat dramatically the chief figures of Thackeray's novel or of Hawthorne's romance. I can conceive a Becky Sharp play and an Arthur Dimmesdale drama—the first a comedy, with underlying emotion, and the second a tragedy, noble in its simple dignity—but neither of these possible plays would be in any strict sense of the word dramatized from the novel, although the germinant suggestion was derived from Thackeray and from Hawthorne. They would be original plays, independent in form, in treatment, and in movement, much as *All for Her* is an original play by Messrs. Simpson and Merivale, though it was obviously suggested by the essential ideas of *Henry Esmond* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, which were adroitly combined by two accomplished playwrights feeling themselves at liberty to develop their theme without any sense of responsibility to the novelists. In like manner Mr. Boucicault's admirably effective dramas, the *Colleen Bawn* and the *Long Strike*, are founded, one on the *Collegians* of Gerald Griffin, and the other on Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton;* but the dramatist, while availing himself freely of the novelist's labors, held himself equally free to borrow from them no more than he saw fit, and felt in no wise bound to preserve in the play what did not suit him in the story. I am told that the foundation of Lord Lytton's *Richelieu* can be discovered in a romance by G. P. R. James; and I have heard that a little story by Jules Sandeau was the exciting cause of MM. Sandeau and Augier's *Gendre de M. Poirier*, the finest comedy of our century. At all times have playwrights been prone to take a ready-made myth. The great Greeks did it, using Homer as a quarry from which to get the rough blocks of marble needed for their heroic statues; while Shakespeare and Molière found material for more than one piece in contemporary prose fiction. But it would be absurd to consider any of these plays as a mere dramatization of a novel.

The difficulties and disadvantages of trying to make a play out of a popular tale, when the sequence and development of the story must be retained in the drama, are so distinctly recognized by novelists who happen also to be dramatists, that they are prone to stand aside and to leave the doubtful task to others. Dumas did not himself make a play out of his romantic tale, the *Corsican Brothers*. And in the fall of 1887 there were produced in Paris two adaptations of successful novels which had been written by accomplished dramatists, *L'Abbé Constantin*, by M. Ludovic Halévy, and *L'Affaire Clémenceau*, by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils;* and in neither case did the dramatist adapt his own story. He knew better; he knew that the good novel would not make a good play; and while the novice rushed in where the expert feared to tread, the original author stood aside, ready to take the profit but not to run the risk.

I trust that I have not suggested that there are no novels which it is profitable or advisable to adapt to the stage. Such was not my intent, at least. What I wished to point out was that a panorama was not a play; that to make a play out of a novel properly was a most difficult task; and that the more widely popular the story, the less likely was the resultant piece to be valuable, because of the greater pressure to retain scenes foreign to the main theme as necessarily simplified and strengthened for the theatre.

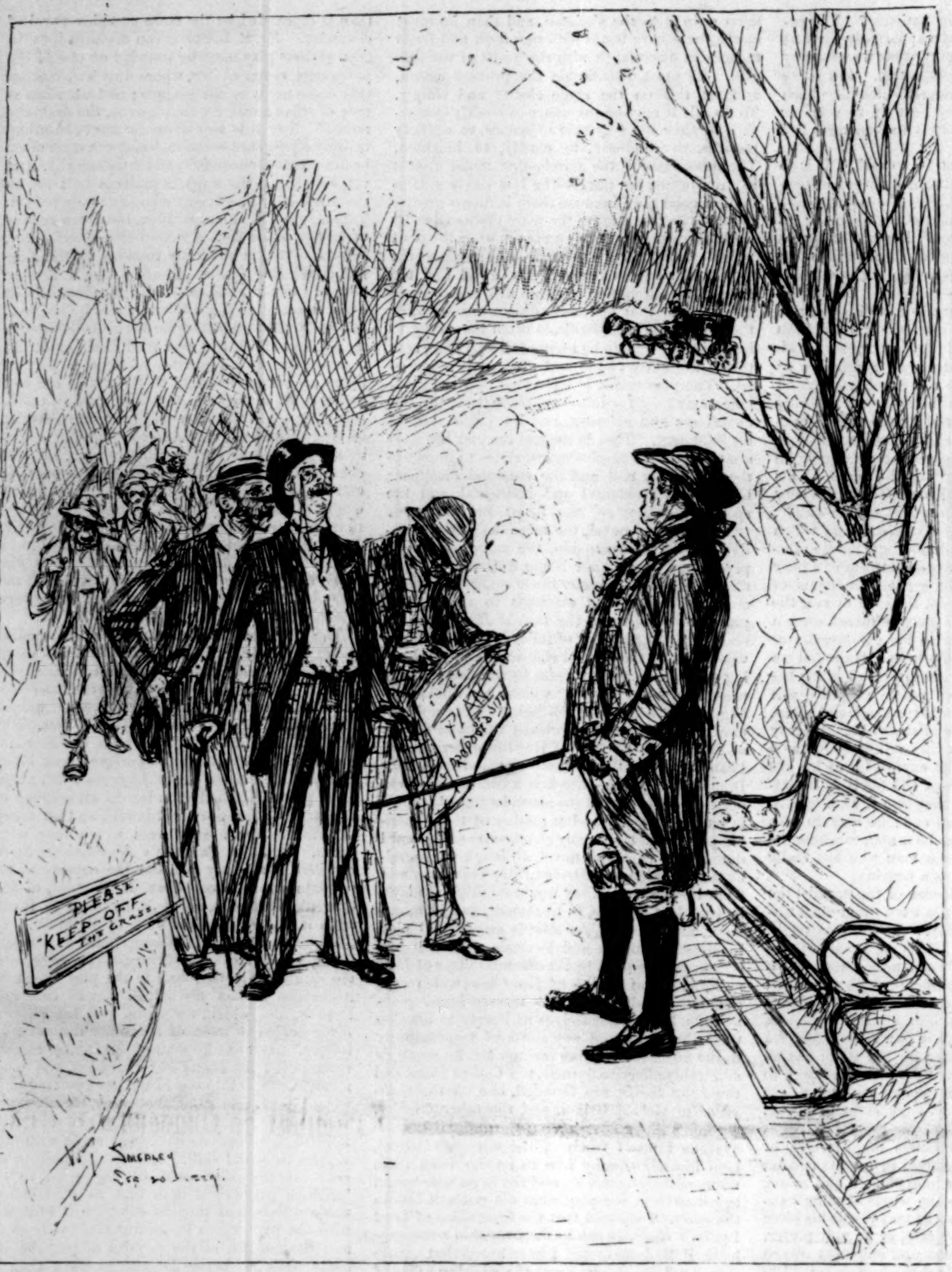
Sometimes a story is readily set on the stage, because it was planned for the theatre before it appeared as a book. M. Georges Ohnet's *Serge Panine*, for example, was first written as a play and afterward as a novel, although the piece was not performed until after the story had achieved success. Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* is avowedly founded on the comedy of *Masks and Faces*, which Reade had written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and of which it may seem to be a dramatization. Reade also found it easy to make an effective play out of his *Never too Late to Mend*, because this novel was itself based on *Gold*, an earlier piece of his.

Nor is this *ex post facto* dramatization the only possible or proper adaptation of a novel. A story of straightforward emotion may often be set on the stage to advantage, and with less alteration than is demanded by the more complex novel of character. Mr. R. L. Stevenson declares that "a good serious play must be founded on one of the passionate *cruces* of life, where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple; and the same is true of what I call, for that reason, the dramatic novel." Now it is this dramatic novel, handling broadly a pregnant emotion, which can most often be dramatized successfully and satisfactorily. And yet, even then, the story is perhaps best set on the stage by a playwright who has never read it. This may sound like a paradox, but I can readily explain what I mean. A well-known French piece, *Miss Moulton*, is obviously founded on the English novel, *East Lynne*. I once asked M. Eugène Nus, one of the authors of *Miss Moulton*, how he came to adapt an English book; and he laughed, and answered that neither he nor his collaborator, M. Adolphe Bélot, had ever read *East Lynne*. At a pause during a rehearsal of another play of theirs, an actress had told M. Bélot that she had just finished a story which would make an excellent play, and thereupon she gave him the plot of Mrs. Wood's novel. And the plot, the primary suggestion, the first nucleus of situation and character, this is all these dramatists needed; and in most cases it is all that the dramatist ought to borrow from the novelist. It is thus that we may account in part for the merit of Mr. Pinero's play, *The Squire*, which is perhaps more or less remotely derived from Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Not to have read the story he is to dramatize is, however, a privilege possible to but few playwrights.

The next best thing is to have the needful power to disengage the main theme of the story, and to be able to reincarnate this in a dramatic body. A good example may be seen in *Esmeralda*, the comedy which Mr. William Gillette helped Mrs. Burnett to make out of a tale of hers. But this has been done so rarely on the English-speaking stage that I must perforce seek other examples in France. As it happens I can name three plays, all founded on novels, all adapted to the stage by the novelist himself, and all really superior to the novels from which they were taken. M. Jules Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* is a pretty tale, but the comedy which the late eminent comedian, M. Regnier, of the Comédie Française, aided M. Sandeau to found upon it, is far finer as a work of literature. *Le Marquis de Villemer* of George Sand is a lovely novel, but it lacks the firmness, the force, and the symmetry to be found in the play which M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* helped her to construct from it, and which, therefore, won the popular favor denied to most of her other dramatic attempts. And in like manner M. Dumas himself recomposed his *Dame aux Camillias*, and made a moving novel into one of the most moving plays of our time. In all three cases the drama is widely different from the story, and the many needful modifications have been made with marvellous technical skill. Hardly any more profitable investigation could be suggested to the 'prentice playwright than first to read one of these novels, and then to compare it faithfully with the play which its author evolved from it; and the student of the physics of play-making could have no better laboratory work than to think out the reasons for every change.

Such a student will discover, for instance, that the dramatist may not avail himself of one of the most effective devices of the novelist, who can keep a secret from his readers, which is either revealed to them unexpectedly and all at once, or which they are allowed to solve for themselves from chance hints skilfully let fall in the course of the narrative. But the dramatist knows that to keep a secret from the spectator for the sake of a single, sudden surprise, is to sacrifice to one little and temporary shock of discovery the cumulative force of a heroic struggle against a foreseen catastrophe. To take an example from one of the most accomplished of Greek playwrights, the strife against awakening doubt, the wrestling with a growing conviction, the agony of final knowledge which we see in *Œdipus*, and the indisputable effect these have on us, are the result of not keeping a secret. The great play of Sophocles has the interest of expectation, though every spectator might foresee and foretell the outcome of the opening situations. True dramatic interest is aroused not by deceiving or disappointing the audience as to the end to be reached, or even by keeping it unduly in doubt as to this, but by choosing the least commonplace and most effective means of reaching that end. And true dramatic interest is sustained not by a vulgar surprise, but by exciting the sympathy of the spectator for the character immeshed in dangers which the audience comprehend clearly—by exciting the sympathy of the spectator so that he becomes the accomplice of the playwright, putting himself in the place of the persons of the play, and feeling with them as the dread catastrophe draws nigh.

The novelist may play tricks with his readers, because he knows that they can take time to think if they are in doubt, and can even turn back a chapter or two to straighten out the sequence of events. But the dramatist knows that the spectators have no time for retrospection and for piecing together, and therefore he is not warranted in leaving them in the dark for a minute. And it is this total divergence of principle that so many novelists, and so many of those who attempt to dramatize novels, absolutely fail to apprehend. In her slovenly biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mrs. Oliphant found fault with the screen scene of the *School for Scandal* because we see Lady Teazle conceal herself. "It would, no doubt," she wrote, "have been higher art could the dramatist have deceived his audience as well as the personages of the play, and made us also parties in the surprise of the discovery." This criticism is simply a master-stroke of dramatic incompetence, and it is astounding that any one able to read and write could consider that



Father Knickerbocker (*to the invaders of Central Park*). "You cannot break ground here, gentlemen, without breaking the law, and the law will not be changed with my consent."

most marvellous specimen of dramatic construction, the screen scene of the *School for Scandal*, without seeing that the whole effect of the situation, and half the force of the things said and done by the characters on the stage, would be lost if we did not know that Lady Teazle was in hiding within hearing of Joseph's impotent explanations, Charles's careless gayety, and Sir Peter's kindly thoughtfulness.

Time was when the drama was first, and prose fiction limped a long way after; time was when the novelists, even the greatest of them, began as playwrights. Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, all studied the art of character drawing on the boards of a theatre, although no one of their plays keeps the stage to-day, while we still read with undiminished zest the humorous record of the adventures and misadventures of *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Tom Jones*. Scott was, perhaps, the first great novelist who did not learn his trade behind the scenes. It seemed to Mr. Lowell that before Fielding "real life formed rather the scenic background than the substance, and that the characters are, after all, merely players who represent certain types rather than the living types themselves." It may be suggested that the earlier novels reflected the easy expedients and artificial manners of the theatre, much as the writers may have employed the processes of the stage. Since Fielding and Scott the novel has been expanding, until it seeks to overshadow its elder brother. The old interdependence of the drama and prose fiction has ceased; nowadays the novel and the play are independent, each with its own aims and with its own methods. The advocates of the one are as boastful as the partisans of the other are intolerant, and each is as self-assertive as the young actress who, so her enterprising advance agent in his advertisement declared, "has appeared in all the countries of the world, and has been pronounced the greatest of them all!"

The drama is really the noblest form of literature, because it is the most direct. It calls forth the highest of literary faculties in the highest degree—the creation of character, standing firm on its own feet and speaking for itself. The person in a play must *be* and *do*, and the spectator must see what he is, and what he does, and why. There is no narrator standing by to act as chorus, and there needs none. If the dramatist knows his trade, if he have the gift of the born playwright, if his play is well made, then there is no call for explanation or analysis, no necessity of dissecting or refining, no demand for comment or sermon, no desire that any one palliate or denounce what all have seen. Actions speak louder than words. That this direct dramatic method is fine enough for the most abstruse intellectual self-questioning when the subject calls for this, and that in the mighty hand of genius it is capable of throwing light in the darkest corners and crannies of the tortured and tortuous human soul, ought not to be denied by any one who may have seen on the stage the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare, the *Misanthrope* of Molière, or the *Faust* of Goethe.

A DISGRACEFUL ENTERPRISE.

A single event this week has served to check reviving confidence in railroad securities, and brought the stock-market to a full stop. It was the reappearance of the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railroad Company as an aggressive disturber of rates in the northwestern territory. A premonition that it would again become a troublesome factor in the railroad situation was noted a few weeks ago. It is certain to menace profitable railroading in three or four States north and west of Chicago as long as it maintains, or is permitted to maintain, an independent existence. I speak of its being permitted to maintain an independent existence, because all the evidence obtainable indicates that the road is nothing more nor less than a dependency or an auxiliary line of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company.

At the risk of repeating well-known facts to some of the readers of the Weekly, it seems necessary to state the relations between the two companies, for no opportunity should be unimproved to impress upon investors that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company is in every respect responsible for whatever damage may result from the policy of its *quasi* branch line. The road was built by persons connected with the management of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and a part of the securities were offered *pro rata* to the stockholders of that company, and subscribed for by them. In that way the stockholders were induced to furnish money that has been used against their best interests ever since it was invested. One-third of the capital stock was taken by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company, and is still owned by it, and it is quite possible that the amount has been added to. What may be termed the parent company has entered into a close traffic contract with it, running twenty years from 1886, and under it the larger company agrees to purchase and retire each year $100,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Company. The money to do this with is supposed to be derived from earnings from joint traffic. Members of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy directory are directors of the Northern road, and the family relations between members of the two managements are close. Rarely is one corporation so closely allied to another without actual consolidation or absolute ownership. The physical portion of the concern consists of about 350 miles of railroad, extending from a point a little south of St. Paul to Oregon, Illinois, where it connects with the road of the parent company. It owns no terminal facilities at St. Paul, but uses those of the Manitoba company, over whose tracks it obtains an entrance into that city and also into Minneapolis. Its traffic to and from Chicago is carried over the C., B., and Quincy road, which furnishes it terminal facilities at that centre. The greater part of its line is located at the foot of the bluff that forms the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, and is so situated that very little local traffic can reach it. This road, which has no terminals, and which falls short by about ninety miles of being a line between Chicago and the twin cities of Minnesota, is capitalized at about $60,000 per mile, or twice the average capitalization per mile of the roads it aspires to compete with. As a channel for traffic, it may be regarded as nothing more than an attempt to duplicate the facilities afforded by the Mississippi River.

Of the status of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad it is hardly necessary to speak. Every one knows that its mileage is extensive and excellently located, while its management has long been the pride of New England financiers. For the last two or three years it has, so far as the public is advised, made no effort to restrain its offspring from virtually running amuck among the great railroad properties of the Northwest. It has essayed an impossibility, namely, to compete with the rail and water routes that, running directly east from St. Paul, form the shortest and also the cheapest avenues between that point and the Atlantic seaboard. As the roads running eastward from Chicago will not prorate with it on the basis of lake, or of lake and rail tariffs combined, the C., B., and Northern road has had to foot all the bills for its experiment itself. Consequently, since the parent company, the C., B., and Quincy, gave it license to see what it could do for itself, it has steadily run in arrears of its fixed charges. As the concern maintains an appearance of solvency, it would be interesting to know who makes good its large deficit.

The important matter, however, is the effect of its indefensible policy upon the rates of at least 30,000 miles of railroad in the northwestern territory, and upon the immense amount of capital invested in those roads. The effect was very clearly demonstrated in 1887 and '88 by frightful losses in handling the traffic of the region referred to. The abnormal low rates superinduced by the C., B., and Quincy's protégé have been taken by State Railroad Commissioners as a basis for determining what rates shall be. For a few months this disturbing factor has been comparatively dormant, but now it has broken loose again with unrestrained force, and threatens the welfare of every investor in the securities of the so-called Granger roads. As the relationship between it and its parent company is well defined, and the power to control it is apparent to every one possessing knowledge of these matters, there seems ample reason for the continuous and severe denunciation that the management of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company is receiving from every quarter. Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, September* 21, 1889.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE MILITARY BANDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LEON MEAD.

THE evolution of the present military or brass bands in the United States from the crude organizations of a quarter of a century ago has been rapid and marked. Many of them were called into existence to serve military purposes; others were scarcely more than street bands, whose *répertoires* were almost exclusively confined to marches.

The primitive band-masters of those days were not very ambitious, and whatever reputation for excellence they acquired was usually local. Then, as now, brass bands were conspicuous features in public parades and processional events. The majority of those who belonged to the brass bands of that period were self-taught, and the prevailing idea among people was that the superiority of a band largely depended upon the amount of noise it could make. Among these old-time bandsmen artistic individuality was rare, and when detected was not allowed due recognition. Seldom was a piece played in which "cracking notes" from one or two of the poor brass instruments then in use were not unpleasantly audible. *Ensemble*, pitch, perfection of tone, etc., were terms that few provincial leaders pretended to understand.

At present there are over ten thousand military bands in the United States. In the smaller cities they average twenty-five men each. In small country towns they number from twelve to eighteen members.

The average band, composed of twenty-five men, is usually made up in this wise: one piccolo, one E flat clarinet, four B flat clarinets, two E flat cornets, four B flat cornets, two alto horns, three trombones or tenor horns, two barytones, two tubas, one small drum, a bass drum, and cymbals. As the scores are written for military bands, the clarinets take the parts usually assigned to the first violins in the orchestra, and are supported by the cornets. The barytones assume the 'cello parts; while the bass tubas are a substitute for the double basses. Musical instruments, it may be observed, are designed to represent the different parts, chiefly, of the human voice, viz.: soprano, alto, tenor, bass, barytone, and contralto. Any composition may be adapted for a military band for which even the most difficult piano-forte solos are now transcribed and arranged.

Despite the humorous and sarcastic depreciation they have received from the press, the military bands of this country are doing a great educational work among the people. They dispense both the popular and higher class music of the day in remote sections where the inhabitants are unable to hear them at first hand, and without their local band they would perhaps never hear them at all.

The native American musician now labors under great disadvantages, so far as the facilities for thorough musical training at home are concerned. To become a master of his art he must seek abroad that technical discipline which is indispensable to professional success. Were it not for the "foreign element," so largely represented in American bands, the latter would be far less numerous, prosperous, and creditable. The lack of proper schools and conservatories in the United States explains this fact. Music is an exacting mistress, and her superficial votaries can hope but vainly for public recognition in these days.

Among the various nationalities represented in our military bands, the Germans, reliable as performers and steady-going in temperament, predominate ten to one. In the larger cities the Italians come next in numbers. There are comparatively few French musicians in this country, the number of native Americans being the smallest in the list—though they are increasing year by year. As musicians the English, Irish, and Scotch belong to about the same artistic grade, no appreciable superiority of skill or accomplishment being possessed by one over the other.

To become a first-class instrumentalist requires at least seven years' hard study and practice before a performer can take his place in a great military band, and even then he can learn something new every day about his art.

Curiously enough, the best musicians are usually very nervous men. Their sensibilities seem to attain an almost abnormal development. They are easily excited or irritated, often by trifling causes, which always keeps them on the edge of a row with one or more of their associates. It scarcely seems credible that divine melody could be such a strain on the nervous system. Yet the fine musician usually possesses a delicate, uneven temper, and though playing like an angel before the public, he may act like a demon behind the scenes. The band-master is constantly obliged to employ tact, and to exercise his powers of diplomacy, in order to insure at least the semblance of good feeling among the members of his organization. He often overlooks insolence, even gross insults, because the offender is a superb performer whom he could not replace. But the band-master has other trials and anxieties which render his life a sort of martyrdom. If he be conscientious and enterprising he must studiously keep up with the musical times; nor should he neglect his opportunities to popularize the best selections from the constantly increasing output of the composers. Not the least delicate and difficult of his duties is the preparation of his concert programmes. A nice sense of proportion and good taste are required to properly balance the programme, and to secure a smooth adjustment of light and shade, of gay and sombre effect.

To several influences is attributed the vast improvement in military bands in this country within the past twenty-five years. Notable among them may be mentioned the larger musical field which military bands have entered, and which was formerly monopolized by the stringed orchestra. Band-masters have learned that marches are not the only type of music which a band can render effectively. The gavot, the waltz, the polka, and compositions reaching into the classics are now the common property of military bands. Within the limits allowed for this article it would not be possible to name the many bands from Maine to California which are more or less celebrated.

The Marine Band of Washington, under the direction of Sousa, which is supported by the government, deserves mention as a well-drilled and well-worked company of skilful performers. It has more frequently charmed the listening ears of Presidents, members of cabinets, Senators, and, in short, the whole official retinue of Uncle Sam at the capital than any band in the country. This indeed is no meagre testimonial for the Marine Band.

HELICON TUBA.

Among the many excellent bands, none has more celebrity, especially as a marching band, than that of the renowned American band of Providence, under the leadership of Mr. D. W. Reeves. Marching over rough cobble-stones and executing in an artistic manner complicated airs on instruments which in themselves are awkward enough to carry—to say nothing of playing upon them—is by no means an easy feat; but Reeves's band accomplishes it with grace and spirit. In addition to his merits as a band-master, Mr. Reeves has the honor of being one of the most popular composers of brisk and brilliant marches now living. Not only are his spirited pieces played by military bands throughout this continent, but among English, German, and French bands they have found a musician's welcome.

The musicians of New York, or those who have made New York their home, have largely contributed to the growth of and improvement in military bands. Long ago New York would have been overcrowded with foreign musicians had they not been induced to recruit the provincial bands. For the last forty years there has never been any dearth of musicians in New York, and to-day there are scores of excellent performers here who are without regular employment. The wiser class of foreign musicians who come to these shores, after enduring ill-fortune for a few months in a metropolis fairly teeming with clever competitors, go into the less crowded cities, and thus more than double their chances of earning a livelihood in their own chosen fashion. The fame of Dodworth's, Shelton's, Ned Kendall's, and other old bands—justly renowned in their day—has been fairly overshadowed by the more modern organizations, which enjoy such advantages as improved instruments, a greater variety of music, and better trained men.

With the crack Seventh Regiment of New York good bands have always been identified. Previous to Cappa's succession to the baton in 1881, the Seventh Regiment band had been under ten different leaders. When first established, its ten pieces were composed of drums, key-bugles, and slide trombones. In its second stage it consisted of fifteen pieces of brass, and was under the direction of Lothian. From 1856 to 1860 it was made a reed band (the first one in America), under Knoll, with thirty-five pieces. Under Grafulla the Seventh Regiment band was increased to forty members, among whom was the present leader—Cappa. From 1880 to 1881 C. Werning conducted the band, then numbering—as it does now—fifty-five men. In 1881 Cappa became the leader, and to his unremitting energy is due the high degrees of excellence that distinguishes the Seventh Regiment band, whose only great rival in the whole country is Gilmore's.

Signor Carlo Alberto Cappa is singularly well fitted for the responsible position of band-master of the leading regiment of the National Guard. He is fifty-five years of age, having been born at Alessandria, in Piedmont, in 1834. His father was a major in Napoleon's army, and died from a wound received during the retreat from Moscow. Carlo began his musical studies at the age of ten. After a five years' course in the Royal Academy at Asti—devoted exclusively to the instruction of sons of soldiers—he joined the band of the Sixth Lancers, in which he played the first trombone. Remaining in the army for four years, he then enlisted in the United States navy, and in the frigate *Congress* made a two years' cruise. On his arrival in New York, in 1858, Cappa, then a stalwart young man of twenty-four, joined Kendall's band, and, later on, the Seventh Regiment Band when Grafulla became its leader, in 1860. Though Cappa has served in the Seventh Regiment for twenty-nine years—for the last eight years as its leader—his service has not been continuous. From 1869 to 1876 he played first trombone in the Theodore Thomas orchestra. He also played the euphonium in the orchestra of the Mapleson Opera Company for three years.

Cappa's instrumentation for his marching band, which always appears at its best on the street, is as follows: one piccolo, one flute, three E flat clarinets, eight first B flat, four second B flat, and four third B flat clarinets, four French horns, two altos, two E flat cornets, six first B flat, two second B flat, two third B flat, and two fourth B flat cornets, six trombones, four barytones, one euphonium, six basses, two small drums, one bass drum, and cymbals.

The following is Cappa's concert instrumentation, which, it will be seen, differs considerably from the other: one flute, one piccolo, two oboes, two bassoons, two E flat clarinets, one alto E flat clarinet, eight first B flat, four second B flat, and four third B flat clarinets, four French horns, three B flat cornets, three trumpets, three trombones, one solo barytone, first and second euphonium, two first, two second, and two third basses, one tympany, one small drum, one bass drum, and cymbals. This concert instrumentation is generally used in Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, Russia, and England. In France, they use in addition the saxophone and a few other instruments which will be mentioned in connection with Gilmore's celebrated band. Signor Cappa does not believe in the employment of the saxophone in a military band, and his prejudice against it and other comparatively new instruments, such as the autoniophone, for instance, is very ponounced.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons from May to October, thousands of people gather on the Mall in Central Park, when the weather is bright, to enjoy the music dispensed there by the Seventh Regiment band. Under Cappa's direction the grand choruses of Handel, Bach's preludes and fugues, the symphonies of Beethoven, Gluck, Cherubini, and other classicists, and ballet music by Saint-Saëns, Goldmark, Massenet, and others—all these, as well as the popular music of the day, are splendidly interpreted to delighted masses which throng the Mall. Selecting at random a programme, we find that the one rendered on June 1st of the present year included the "Star-spangled Banner," the "Royal Maccabees March," by General Kantrowitz; Verdi's overture, "Sicilian Vespers"; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie (Number 2); a cornet solo, "Annie Laurie," with variations, by the well-known virtuoso, Walter Rogers; a selection from the "Flying Dutchman," by Wagner; "Fusionen," a Strauss waltz; the aria finale from "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti; "Lucille," a gavot by St. George, and "Hail Columbia." On the following day, Sunday, the programme included the "Star-spangled Banner," Salvatore's grand march "Roma"; Auber's overture "Crown Diamond"; a grand march from "Lucia," introducing all the popular melodies of Donizetti, and concluding with the famous sextet, Cappa's "Reminiscences of Veteran Firemen," introducing conversation in engine-house, the fire alarm, the start, the run, and falling of the wall, and grand finale; melodies from England, Ireland, and

QUINTETTE OF SAXOPHONES.

BASS CLARINET.

Scotland, arranged by Baetaus; selection from the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, by Handel; and the Doxology.

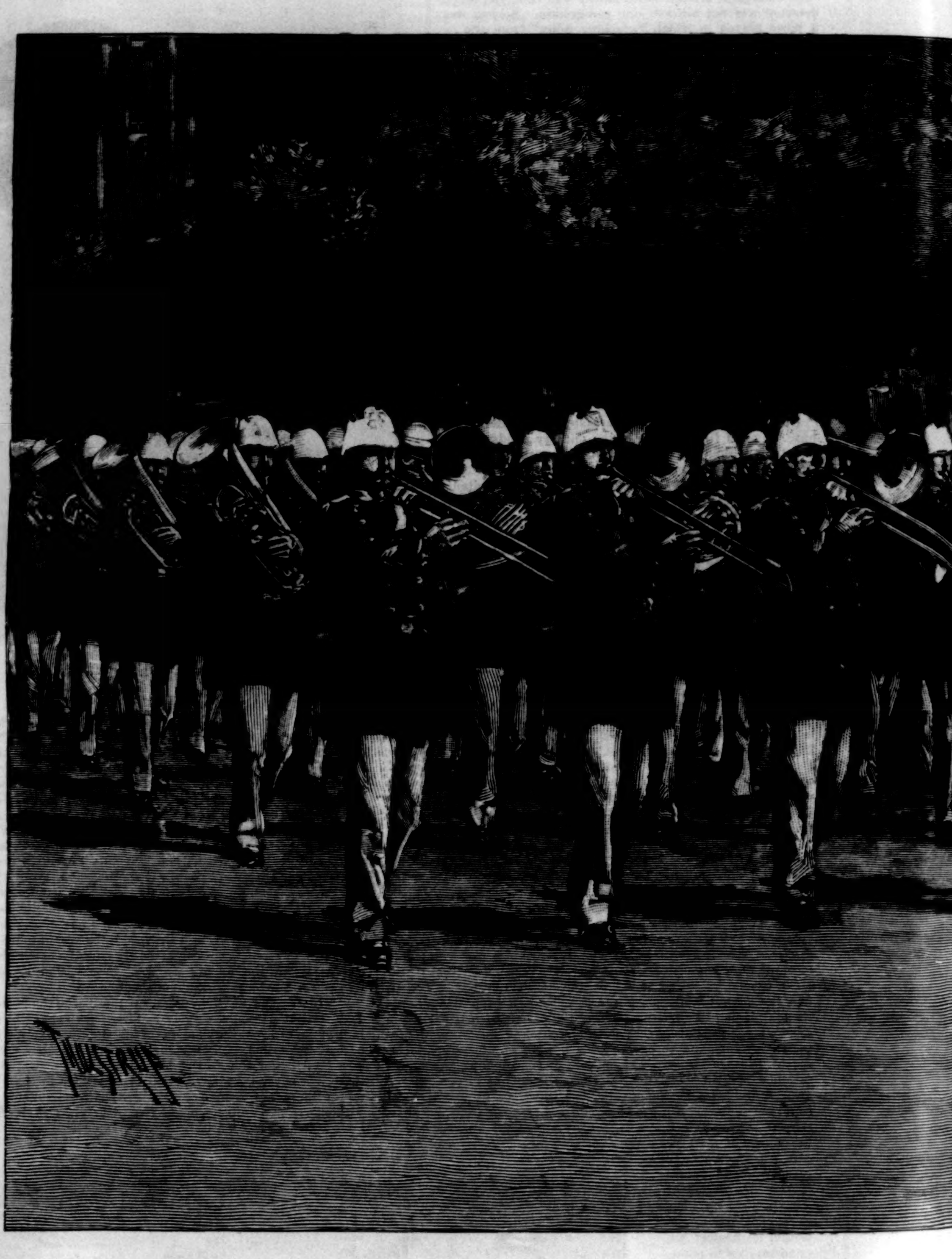
The two foregoing are fair specimens of the concert music selected by Cappa, in whose band are eleven reliable soloists.

No article on military bands would be at all comprehensive without reference to the accomplished band-master P. S. Gilmore. Something more than casual allusion must be made to this remarkable man and musician, though words can but impotently describe his triumphs, heartaches, and eventfully checkered career. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore to-day stands without a peer in his line in this country, if not abroad. But he did not attain to his present eminence by a single leap. The path climbed by him has been a rough and thorny one, and the wonder is that, though he has reached the summit of fame and success, he is not aweary of the world, as was Hamlet of the sun. Gilmore is a man who quickly recovers from mental fatigue, and his enthusiasm over music is still as keen and contagious as it was in his earlier life. In childhood music became the dream and passion of his existence, and the town band of Athlone, in the County Galway, Ireland, where he was born, he joined when but a mere lad. Though deprived of the advantages of a thorough musical training at that time, he received special instruction in instrumentation and harmony from Mr. Keating, the band-master, who took a fancy to him. Soon becoming an accomplished E flat cornet player, young Gilmore resolved to seek a more promising field than the dull little town of Athlone. Poor and unknown, he landed in Boston in 1848. He was only nineteen, but his rare abilities were promptly recognized. Ten years later, in 1858, he organized his own band, having meanwhile been the leader successively of the Suffolk Band, of Boston, the Boston Brigade band, and the Salem band. His promenade concerts in the Boston Music Hall for several seasons, the first on his long list of musical enterprises, met with success.

Gilmore's entire band joined the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers at the outbreak of the war, and subsequently accompanied the Burnside expedition to the Carolinas. While the "late unpleasantness" was in progress Gilmore was gaining a reputation in both armies, for he did not scruple to play "Dixie's Land" now and then, which thrilled many a Southern heart in a neighboring camp. The grand national concert given under Gilmore's direction on Lafayette Square, New Orleans, March 4, 1864, on the occasion of Michael Hahn's inauguration as Governor of "freed and restored Louisiana," was memorable for the participation in the programme of ten thousand children from the public schools. The singing of the "Star-spangled Banner" by a chorus ten thousand strong, each boy and girl waving a tiny American flag, while the refrain reverberated through the vast amphitheatre, accompanied by five hundred musical instruments, and the boom of thirty-six pieces of artillery fired in exact time by electricity, produced a most impressive effect upon the large and enthusiastic concourse. It had been simply a Herculean task for Gilmore to induce the parents of these children to allow them to take part, and when he had obtained their consent it had been another task to coach this large juvenile company and teach them to sing the national airs in unison. His indefatigable labors were rewarded by a banquet tendered him through a committee of one hundred citizens of New Orleans, at which he was presented with a beautiful goblet filled with gold, and through General Banks, who previously had placed him in charge of all bands and music in the Department of the Gulf, received the thanks of the government.

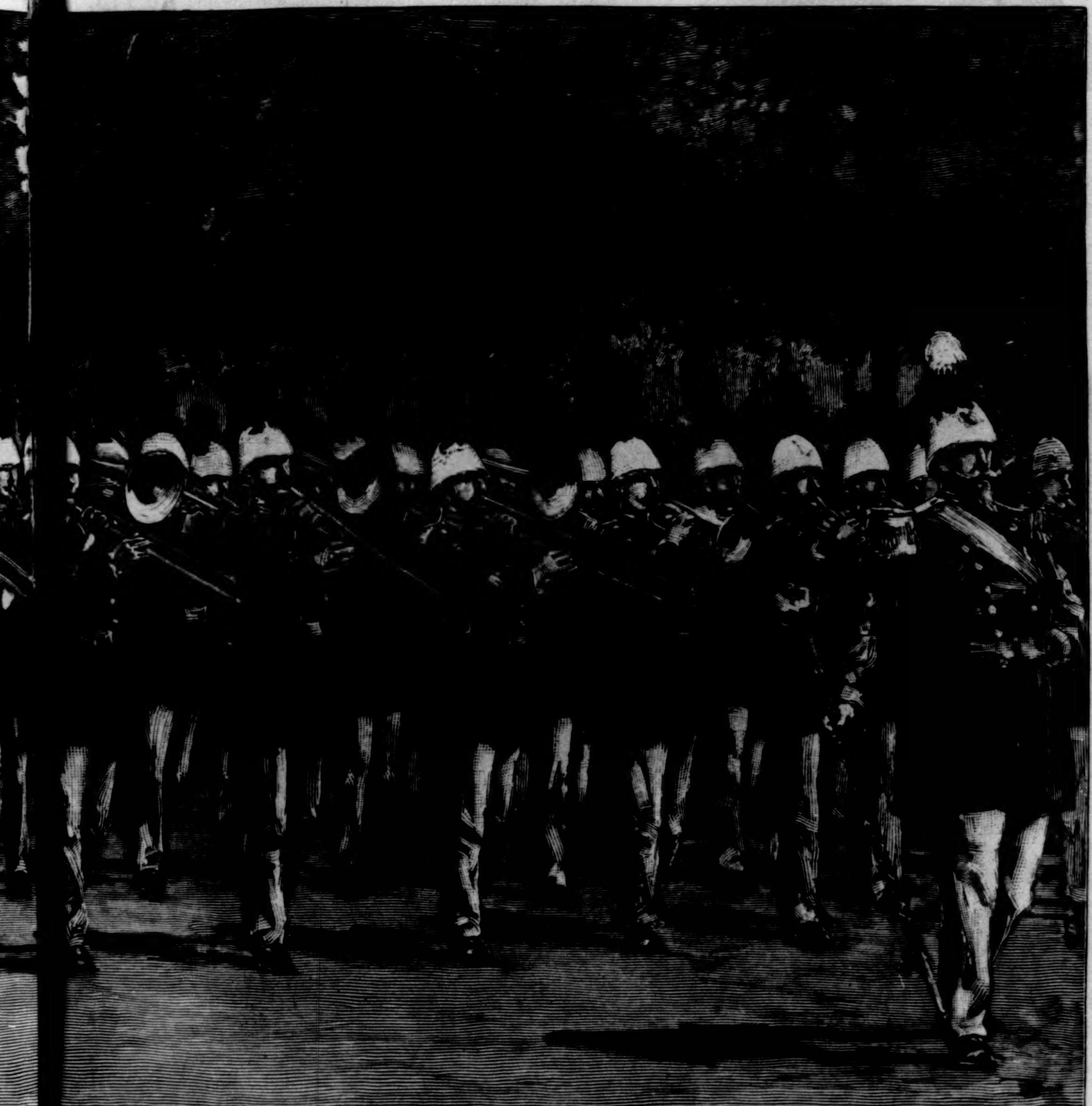
Two years after the close of the war, Gilmore conceived one of those gigantic projects the very mention of which among most of his intimate New York and Boston friends called forth expressions of doubt as to his sanity. But he was not to be balked by discouragement nor disheartened by ridicule. He persisted in his idea, with which he accosted prominent men right and left. For a long time they laughed at what they considered his grandiloquent entreaties for assistance. Nothing, however, could daunt the soul that had been fired with an ambition whose realization people thought would be nothing less than a miracle. In the following year Gilmore publicly proclaimed that he was about to totally eclipse all previous undertakings of the kind by giving a gigantic musical festival that would astonish creation; that he proposed to erect a colosseum capable of seati fifty thousand people; that he would organize a chorus of ten thousa voices, and an orchestra of one thousand musicians, with artillery, anvi bells, and other accompaniments in the national airs; that he would ha present the President and his cabinet, the members of Congress and t diplomatic corps, the governors of States, the mayors and editors of t principal cities, and thousands of the great American people from the Ea West, North, and South—all in one grand harmonious festival, to commer orate the restoration of peace and union throughout the land.

In New York, where Gilmore desired to hold the jubilee, he failed secure adequate financial support, and Mr. Thomas Boese, then Preside of the Board of Education, refused to allow the twenty thousand childr asked for from the public schools to take part in the proposed programm Thus handicapped in the metropolis, Gilmore went back to Boston, whe he had been popularly known for twenty years, and where he resolved th great peace jubilee *should* take place. In the Hub his efforts soon bega to tell; the press, almost without exception, actively espoused his caus which was also earnestly supported by all the best and most influential musicians in the city. Subscriptions from the principal business houses began to pour in, and the announcement was definitely made that the festival to open on June 15th would continue for three days. The attempt to build the immense colosseum on Boston Common was abandoned on account of the indignant protests that came from the blue blood contingent, and from aristocratic old croakers, and it was erected on St. James Park, at an expense of $132,000. A large guarantee fund helped to forward the enterprise, and Gilmore's grand peace jubilee became an assured fact, after multitudinous trials and disappointments which nearly crazed its projector. Lasting for five days, and attracting thousands of people from all over the United States, including, as had been announced, the President, General Grant, with members of his cabinet, many statesmen, government officials, and distinguished men in every walk of life, the festival was a triumph for Gilmore, and proved of great financial benefit to the merchants, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen of Boston, who had liberally backed the undertaking. Over and above the total expenditures incurred

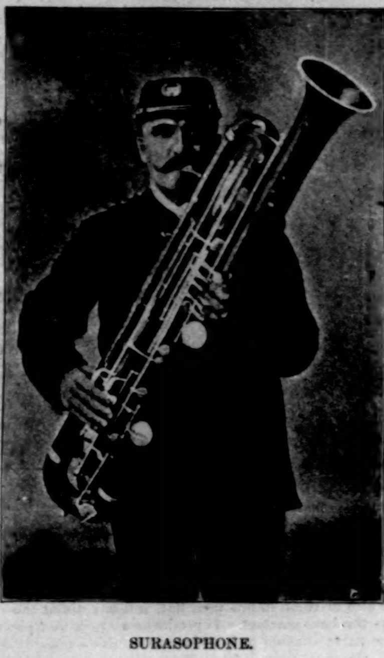


THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND ON

ALTO CLARINET.



ON T MARCH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.



SURASOPHONE.

there was a clear balance of nearly seven thousand dollars, which, together with the proceeds from a testimonial benefit, amounting to nearly forty thousand dollars, was presented to Gilmore in recognition of his invaluable services.

Not content with the laurels he had won, Gilmore, in 1872, sounded an earnest call for a world's musical festival—an international jubilee—a gathering of the hosts of harmony from the nations of the earth. That, too, came to pass, but only after a most exhausting campaign against obstacles. Gilmore pursued his labors systematically, and by virtue of his great natural ability as an organizer, accomplished his object. While a coliseum capable of holding one hundred thousand people was in the course of erection in Boston, he directed the organization of three hundred choral societies, representing a great chorus of twenty thousand voices, which soon fterward were heard in the second jubilee. The instrumental forces, umbering nearly two thousand musicians, were augmented by several of e best bands from Europe, which Gilmore personally went abroad to ure. The band of the Grenadier Guards of London, which he greatly ired to participate, was at first positively refused him; but he had come London well armed with the highest credentials attainable from the erican government, and he finally succeeded in gaining an audience with eral influential English statesmen, who assisted him in securing the band the Grenadier Guards. He encountered the same difficulties in other opean capitals; but by sagacious manœuvring he also secured the band the Garde Républicaine of Paris, the band of the Kaiser Franz giment of Berlin, and a fine Dublin band. Many eminent vocal and trumental artists from Europe, including Johann Strauss, the famous nposer and conductor, of Vienna, and Franz Abt, the great German g-writer, attended the festival. Again, as during the jubilee of 1869, eral Grant visited the International Musical Congress. "As he entered Temple of Music," says one account, "followed by ministers, repreatives, governors, mayors, and the leading men of the land, the mighty ltude arose, breaking out into one tremendous cheer, while the harmony twenty thousand voices and two thousand instruments, joined by the t bands of the foremost nations of Europe, sent forth in all their power and majesty the sublime strains of Handel's Hymn to the Victor, "See! the conquering hero comes!"

This great jubilee, held for eighteen days, evoked from the newspapers the most lavish commendation, and Boston town, with her tremendous inflow of visitors, was for the time being the most musical city in the world.

Since 1873, when Gilmore became band-master of the Twenty-second Regiment, to which corps his band is still attached, he has made New York his head-quarters. With one hundred performers he gave during his first four years in New York over six hundred concerts in the Madison Square Garden. The musical exercises in connection with the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, celebrated in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1876, were under Gilmore's direction, and during that season his band gave sixty concerts in the main exhibition building. During the following year the band made a number of concert tours, and in 1878 Gilmore, with sixty-five men—the same number he now has—went to Europe. In the principal English cities, in Dublin, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen; at the Trocadéro in Paris during the World's Exposition, in Havre, Rouen, Lille, and other French cities; in the Brussels Opera-house, in Rotterdam, the Hague, Antwerp, Amsterdam; in Cologne, Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Leipsic, and other German centres—they were cordially and enthusiastically received; but their tour abroad was more of an artistic than a financial success. They did not hesitate to play the Tannhäuser overture in the most Wagnerian parts of the father-land, and everywhere they were a revelation and a surprise to the Europeans, who up to that time had supposed a fife and drum, and those played by ear, alone constituted a Yankee band.

The relations between the stringed orchestra and the military band Mr. Gilmore recently defined to the writer in the following pleasant vein: "Figuratively speaking, the stringed orchestra is feminine, the military band masculine. The stringed orchestra may be as coarse as a very coarse woman, or made as refined as the most accomplished lady. So, too, the military band may remain like a rough street tramp, or he may undergo a polishing that will make him a perfect gentleman, equally fit, from a critical stand-point, to occupy the concert-room with his more sensitive sister. This is what I have tried to make of my band. Somebody may bring the stringed orchestra to such a degree of perfection as to make it a very queen among its kind, but my military band shall be king."

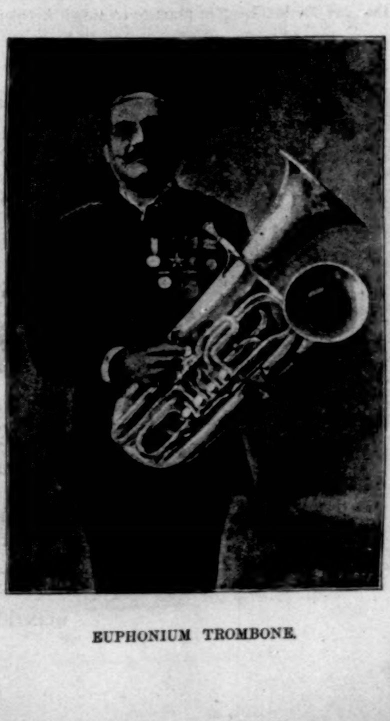
The size of his band enables Gilmore to bring out the full effect of the most intricate musical compositions. He has always been an experimentalist, and is progressive in his theories concerning instrumentation. Unlike Signor Cappa and other great band-masters, he believes in the employment, where permissible, of saxophones. Other peculiar instruments used in this country only by Gilmore's band (with possibly one or two exceptions) are the antoniophone, surasophone, the helicon tuba, and the orpheon. By the introduction of these instruments he produces a quality of tone almost as delicate as a stringed orchestra, and of startling power, as well as weird cadences, salient shadings in the bass and clearness in the minor runs—in consonance with the essential character of the music. Let us briefly consider the use, relations, and character of these instruments.

The saxophone, invented by A. Sax, of Paris, has a great many keys, similar to the Boehm flute. In Gilmore's band there is a sextet of these instruments, pitched as follows: one soprano, one alto, two tenors, one barytone, and one contra-bass B flat. In connection with the bassoons particularly they seem to bind in a string-like manner the reeds with the brass. The alto is considered the solo instrument of the sextet, and in the hands of M. Lefebre it is a wonderful adjunct to the band.

The orpheon is a reconstructed euphonium, with about the same compass, though different in tone, on account of the difference in shape and build. It is supposed to be an improvement on the antoniophone, and is manufactured by Boosey, of London. This instrument is played by a dashing young English Fifth Lancer with brilliancy, his manipulation of the pedal notes being remarkable. His great forte is in the rendition of pathetic passages in the old songs.

The euphonium trombone, an addition to the euphonium, is the creation of Signor Raffayalo. It is virtually a euphonium, but by a trombone bell attachment the performer is enabled to use it as either instrument. By pressing down a piston the air passage can be changed from one bell to the other while performing. It is a noble and important instrument, and Signor Raffayalo is acknowledged to be its greatest player.

The first musician who introduced the bass clarinet in B flat to the profession was named Stritwolf, in the year 1828. Its mission was to improve the lower notes of the clarinet, and the first composer who made use of it as a solo instrument was Meyerbeer, in his favorite opera *The Huguenots*, in the fifth act. Afterward Liszt, Wagner, and other composers made frequent use of it. In



EUPHONIUM TROMBONE.